

# LUCY DAVIS CROWELL: ONE HUNDRED YEARS AT NEVADA'S CAPITAL

Interviewee: Lucy Davis Crowell

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## Description

Mrs. Lucy Davis Crowell is the daughter of Nevada historian Samuel Post Davis. She was selected for interviewing because of local interest in her father and his activities. Davis was the editor of the Carson City *Appeal* in the 1880s and 1890s, active in community affairs of Carson City, an occasional state official, and important in the organization of the Silver Party in Nevada.

Lucy Davis Crowell's oral history begins with the establishment of the Carson City *Appeal* in 1865 by her mother's first husband, Henry Rust Mighels. After Mighels died in 1879, Mrs. Mighels married Sam Davis. Together the couple conducted the affairs of the *Appeal* and raised a growing family, which included several Mighels children and two daughters, Lucy, who was born in 1881, and Ethel Davis. Sam Davis busied himself with work on the newspaper and his political interests, while his wife, a pioneer newspaperwoman, helped with writing chores and kept the home.

After the Davis daughters were grown, Lucy was forced to enter the business world. As an employee of the Nevada State Supreme Court for nearly forty years, she was a witness to a number of interesting events. One of the most vivid in her memory is the divorce granted in Carson City to Mary Pickford. Mrs. Crowell became involved in the case as a secretary in the court. She later was interested in state retirement programs, and began the agitation that resulted in the passage of the first Nevada state employee's retirement act. Mrs. Crowell retired under the provisions of the present state retirement act.



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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

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## INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Lucy Davis Crowell is the daughter of Nevada historian, Samuel Post Davis. Mrs. Crowell was selected for interviewing in the Oral History Project of the Center In Western North American Studies because of the local interest in her father and his activities. Davis was the editor of the Carson City *Appeal* in the 1880's and 1890's, active in community affairs of Carson City, an occasional state official, and important in the Organization of the Silver Party in Nevada. His daughter is a lady of eighty-four years. Her memories of her father are clear and lively. She accepted the invitation to record her reminiscences enthusiastically, and she continued to evidence enthusiasm for the project as recording continued. The three recording sessions were held in Mrs. Crowell's home at 206 Mountain Street, Carson City, Nevada in January, 1965. There surrounded by mementos and souvenirs of her family, she told her story.

The history recorded by Lucy Davis Crowell begins with the establishment of the Carson City *Appeal* in 1865 by her mother's

first husband, Henry Rust Mighels. After Mighels died 1879, Mrs. Mighels married Sam Davis. Together the couple constructed the affairs of the *Appeal* and raised a growing family, which included several Mighels children and two daughters, Lucy and Ethel Davis. Sam Davis busied himself with work on the newspaper and his political interests, while his wife, a pioneer newspaperwoman, helped with writing chores and kept the home. After the two daughters were grown, Lucy was forced to enter the business world. As an employee of the Nevada State Supreme court for nearly forty years, she was a witness to a number of interesting events. One of the most vivid in her memory was the divorce granted in Carson City to Mary Pickford. Mrs. Crowell became involved in the case as a secretary in the court. She later was interested in state retirement programs, and began the agitation that resulted in the passage of the first Nevada state employees' retirement act. Mrs. Crowell benefited from that early activity and retired under the provisions of the present state retirement act.

Along with the reminisces she recorded, Mrs. Crowell gave to the University of Nevada a number of interesting and valuable documents related to the family history. These include photographs, documents concerning the *Appeal*, reprints of Sam Davis' writings, scrapbooks, clippings, family letters, and other materials that constitute the Lucy Davis Crowell Collection in the Nevada and the West collections of the University of Nevada Library.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies at the University of Nevada Library attempts to preserve the past and the present for the future by tape recording reminisces of persons who have played part in the development of various phases of life in the west. Other interviews planned or started concurrently with the Oral History recorded by Lucy Davis Crowell included political histories of Charles D. Gallagher, former state senator from White Pine County, an educational autobiography by Earl Wooster, former superintendent of schools in Washoe County, a mining history by Roy A. Hardy, and a business autobiography by drugstore owner Lester J. Hilp. The Oral History Program is a method for preserving information that might otherwise be lost to scholarly research, and constitutes a primary resource of such purpose. Permission to site or quote from Mrs. Crowell's reminiscences should be obtained through the center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass  
University of Nevada  
April, 1965

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## THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CARSON *APPEAL*

Mr. Henry Rust Mighels, who was the first editor of the Carson City *Appeal*, was born in Minot, Cumberland County, Maine on November 3, 1830. He died on May 27, 1879, at Carson City, Nevada. His father was the physician in the little town of Greenwood where my mother was born and lived. While he was fourteen years older than my mother he still was very fond of her, and when he decided that he should leave and seek a life away from there (that was before the civil war, sometime around 1860), he told my mother that he wanted her to grow up so he could come back and marry her someday. She laughed at the idea because he was an old man, she was sixteen years old and he was just and old man. Anyway, after six years he did send for her.

When my mother's mother and father passed away, she was around 16 years old. They died very close together, within a few months, of what they called lung fever. That of course, is what we call tuberculosis today. She used to tell about her mother being in bed couching her head off, and calling her

mother to her side and telling her how to coo, and what to do to keep the household going. Mother was ready to go to Vassar, but she never did get to go to college because of the circumstances. She was one of eight children; one little girl died, one older than she as a child. All the others lived to be real old people.

In the meantime, the Civil War came on and Mr. Mighels served through the Civil War as a cavalry officer. He was appointed by President Lincoln on the staff of general Sturgis. He served through quite a long time, until he was very seriously wounded and hospitalized and had to leave the war. He was shot through both legs and the horse under him was killed on a cavalry charge. He was hospitalized for a long time and most of his paper and his records and personal effects and everything he had became lost, so we didn't have very much of that. When he was discharged it was as a Captain of Cavalry and Assistant Adjutant General under General Sturgis.

He left when he was out of the hospital and came west to California. He was a very

fine artist and he worked as a commercial artist, at newspaper work, and finally as editor of the Marysville Appeal. When friends of his there decided to set up a newspaper in Carson City, they came over and purchased machinery and equipment in Virginia City and brought it down here. They took some other equipment from a newspaper that had been published out in Genoa that had failed. They gathered up this material and started up the Carson City *Daily Appeal*.

They hired Mr. Mighels as the first editor, and his first paper was published on May 16, 1865. When he had been here a year or so, and settled, he had an opportunity to send back to the state of Maine for my mother to come and marry him. That was six years after. He had been back once or twice to see her and they kept a nice correspondence all the time. We have many of those letters. So, though he was not able to go up and get her, he arranged with Mr. Eben Rhoades, who was the state treasurer and who was going back to take care of some bond matters for the state, to meet mother in New York and escort her back to Carson City. So he did. He paid Mr. Rhoades her fare of \$400.

It took an even month of travel, by boat from New York City to Panama across the Isthmus by the narrow gauge railroad and off by boat to San Francisco. The boat couldn't dock very close in and they were carried a portion of the way by the Panama natives just picking them up and putting them on the beach the last few steps; it was that primitive at that time. They were married in San Francisco on August 20, 1866, at the home of George C. Gorham who was a justice of the Supreme Court of California at that time.

They came to Carson by stagecoach, driven by Hank Monk. The man who met them was a Mr. Maute, who was later the state printer. He just waited until the stage drove in

and was pleased with the fact that he was the first person to say "how-do-you-do" to Mr. Mighels and his new bride when they came to Carson.

There wasn't very much when my mother first came. Mother said there weren't very many respectable women in Carson back then. It was kind of wild. They decided to make this the Capitol when they were building the Mint. Where the museum is now, was all sagebrush. Mother said Mr. Mighels took her up to show her that when they were starting to build that building and there was all sagebrush around it, and sagebrush all the way up the street where she lived. So I can't tell you what the industry was, they were just simply making this the county seat, and when Nevada was finally made a state, they needed a Capitol. Mr. Abe Curry was the man responsible for getting it here in Carson. The first settlement was out the Genoa way. They talked about using it there but they wanted such prices for the land that Mr. Curry didn't get along with the people there and they (Mr. Curry and his friends) came in here and turned up the ground and sort of made this the Capitol. The state prison was there, before that the first legislature met where the state prison is now. There was a little narrow gauge road that ran straight down from Carson Street to the prison, and that's where the first legislative people met before there was anything. Then they met in the Magnolia saloon across the street where the county buildings now stand. It was the business section. They had a back room there and they had a good many public meetings in there. But it was all kind of makeshift; it was all growing up. When mother came in '66, the state was only 2 years old. And it was just growing up.

They established a home here. They bought property and built a home in 1867,

and continued with the newspaper work. Their house was on the corner of Spear and Elizabeth Streets. The original house was taken down and replaced with a more up to date house some years after my father died. They lived there, and when the family moved out to the ranch my father's mother and father lived in the house for a time.

In the early days when my mother came to Carson City, the nearest house was several blocks away. And the Indians used to come one in a while. Of course, Mother was a young woman from Maine and the Indians kind of scared her. They would put their hands up on the window and look in the house and say, "Me want a biscuit, me want a biscuit!". It frightened mother! She gave them anything she had in the house. She decided that what they wanted was something to eat. A good many Indians were just hangin' around. Later there were a lot of Chinamen; there was a regular Chinese colony.

There was quit a good deal of social activity. Mr. Mighels was quite upset because mother didn't get pregnant the very first month they were married; he wanted a family. But when she did get pregnant, he wanted everybody to know it, so he insisted on taking her places when she was a little embarrassed thinking she should stay home; but he was proud of the fact. When the four Mighels children were born, it was within five years. But I remember her telling of going to receptions and things of that sort, and she began to get to the place where she was embarrassed to go. But he was proud of it, and wanted everybody to know.

His great trouble was drinking too much. When he was drinking, he was so very funny and so very clever that it was kind of a joke for the man downtown to give him an extra drink or two, and then just sit down and listen to the fun. He was funny at that time

when he wasn't otherwise, you see. He was very dignified, very beautiful dresser, very dapper and good-looking. He was a brilliant writer. His editorial work was very fine and very highly polished, and he had a very fine reputation for all that work. He published a little booklet called "Sagebrush Leaves" wen he realized his illness. That was a book of sketched and short stories. He did that in order to have something to help Mother financially. My father took that to Virginia City and sold it among the people he knew; newspaper people and the mining people and people who had money. I remember having seen a list of what they paid for that. At the top of the list are Mr. Mackay an some of those who paid \$100 for it, and some paid \$50 for it. I seem to remember that it took in around \$5,000, and it helped to pay off Mr. Robinson. Dad took charge of the sale of the book, the handling of it, because he had been very friendly with Mr. Mighels always; he was interested. So that helped Mother pay off the indebtedness and get the paper into her own hands.

Mr. Mighels had a partner in the *Appeal*. To go back a bit, the three men who organized the *Appeal* and started it sold their interest out to Mr. Mighels and Mr. Robinson. They operated as partners from that time on; Mr. Robinson taking care of the business management, and Mr. Mighels the editorial. Mr. Mighels was a brilliant writer, his editorials were particularly fine. When Mr. Mighels knew he was ready to pass away, he arranged for Mr. Robinson to sell his half-interest to Mother so she would have full ownership of the paper. The interesting feature of the documents was that when the men had gathered their stuff and organized it, ad when they sold their half-interest, the interest they charged was 18% a year. When Mr. Robinson's contract was signed to turn



that over to Mother after Mr. Mighels' death, he charged my mother 24% a year. People just don't realize that that much interest was required that many years ago.

The *Appeal* was originally run off on what they called a Washington Press, a great big old thing. They climbed up three steps and stood there and wound this great heavy thing over. I've seen Dad's brother, Will Davis, doing that. And if anything went completely wrong, then mother thought she had to go out there once or twice and turn that press. But that was too heavy for any woman to do; she hadn't any business doing much of that. But she could show anyone how, and see that it was done. Anyway, she did a good deal of work.

The family all took their turns at something on the *Appeal*. Of course, Mother never set type at the office. That was at home. You see, Mr. Mighels, being an artist, built a little studio where he could keep his painting and equipment and everything. He did that when they built the home here. That was where Mother learned to set type. She never set type except to do that for him. Mother did a lot of managing things. There wasn't much that she didn't know or understand about the newspaper. She had a good business head.

She hired a Mr. Fulton before Dad came, and he stayed two or three months. I think it was a good two or three months after Mr. Mighels died before Dad took over. It wasn't just immediately. Well, to go on with Mr. Mighels, he was elected State Printer for a time, and he also ran for Lieutenant governor in 1878, but was defeated. He was taken ill and passed away in 1879. He died of cancer, a long lingering illness; and Mother took care of him. There were no hospitals and no nurses or nursing homes or anything of that sort, so Mother nursed him even though she had four children to take care of. Also by that time, her younger two sisters had come West to live

with them because their mother and father had died in the East before Mother had come West at all. The house was pretty busy, but Mother took care of him until he passed away.

When Mr. Mighels was taken ill, and knew that he could not go to the office, then he made up his mind as long as he was well enough he would write his editorials and continue them.

He had type and equipment sent up and set up in the little studio room that they had built on the outside of his house, he had used it when he was painting and doing his artistic work. They turned that into a little newspaper office and he taught Mother to set type. So she set his editorials daily for those many months that he was ill. He was a little cantankerous, naturally, he was ill and suffering. His copy had to be pretty perfect so Mother had to learn. That's handsetting, that was way before the days of linotype.

They had a big old white bulldog, one of those real old ugly pug-nosed English bulldogs, they called Old Abe. He walked with Mother when she took the type to the office every evening, because it was a morning paper, along ten o'clock or later after the house was settled for the night. Mother and Old Abe would walk down and deliver the type for the next day's editorial, then Old Abe would escort Mother home. She never felt any fear of anything happening to her when Old Abe was with her. He lived to a real ripe old age and when they finally moved out to the ranch, Old Abe stayed in town to help Mother's sisters raise their children. They had both married and had children, and hated to give him up. He was very fond of children. They finally took him back to the ranch. When he passed away, the youngest of Mother's Mighels children (Roy) was full of the "Old Nick". Mother asked him to see that Old Abe had a proper burial. So he put Abe in a box and



dug a proper hole, put a cap on his head and a corn cob pipe in his mouth, and brought Mother out and said, "Now, are you pleased with the way I buried Abe?" And Mother was not pleased. She was very much annoyed to think they would belittle the poor old dog. That was the last of Old Abe.

Mother reported for the newspaper the two sessions of the Legislature in 1877 and 1879. She would report from one house and the Virginia City reporter would cover the other; then they would exchange notes.

It was very popular then that when a man went to the Legislature he was supposed to be an orator, he was supposed to stand and make very beautiful speeches. Mr. Mighels had trained my mother to take notes by taking them in church, and they used to print the sermon in the paper once in a while. So she could do a pretty nice job of turning out the speeches. That was all in longhand; no typewriter, even. His method of teaching her was that when a man got up and made a statement to get it word for word, and don't pay any attention when they repeated it, they might say "in other words, I might express it this way." He told her, "that's just repetition; just get the main sentence, each one. The it goes together, and you have just what is being said, leaving out the superfluous words." The letter that I gave you\* was her gift in 1879, probably the first of March. She was credited with being the first woman newspaper reported in the State. She was good writer; wrote well, and did well.

She did very little reporting except of the Legislature. She had her pretty good busy household work and taking care of Mr. Mighels. She retained ownership of the *Appeal* for 78 years; I remember that. After Dad died, she gave up the ranch and moved into town and decided to disburse her property. She gave the paper outright to her oldest son. There

were those that thought he wasn't entitled to it, but he was. Then she gave the home to my sister, and she gave the younger son the north half of the ranch where all the buildings were, because he begged her to do that. He said that was the one thing in the world he wanted; the old homestead. So she gave that to him. She was going to give him the whole ranch, but the lawyers said, "Well, what are you going to give Lucy?" After all, you've got four children and you're giving away all your property to three." "Well, she has a good job, she's getting along all right. Her children's grandmother has some money; they can take care of her." He said, "That isn't a fair deal at all." So she gave me the ground between the Hot Springs Road and the Reno Road. I think there's about a hundred acres in there, which I paid taxes on—just alkali and sagebrush; it's not good for anything. This younger son was the one member of the family that nobody liked very well; nobody got along with him, know what I mean? One black sheep in every family, you might say! He had a good keen mind and all that, but none of us liked him. He died about 5 years ago, at the age of 87 years. We finally put him in a rest home. None of us could have stood him in the house; he was that type. He just couldn't get along.

Mr. Mighels died in May of '79. Three months after he passed away, Mother gave birth to a little daughter. That child lived just three weeks. He had died of cancer, and that little baby had inherited all that cancer. The doctor said she couldn't possibly live, and it would be a blessing when she died. She lived just three weeks and died on my mother's birthday. I found a letter which my mother's sister, Hattie, had written to the brother, Addison Verrill, back East. She related the

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\*See Crowell-Davis Collection, University of Nevada Library.

fact that Mother had given birth to this very lovely little daughter on August 20<sup>th</sup>. She said, "I think she will be named Nellie because that was Mr. Mighels' wish. The child weighted nine pounds." It said that Nellie was very, very sick, very, very ill, but she was coming along all right and was going to be fine. Then I looked in the family Bible and got the dates. My mother had written that Nellie Mighels was born August 20 and passed away September 10, 1879. That was Mother's birthday.

After Mr. Mighels' death, Mother hired my father, Sam Davis, Samuel Post Davis, to edit the Carson *Appeal*.

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## THE DAVIS FAMILY OF CARSON CITY

My father was born in 1850 in Branford, Connecticut. His father was the Reverend George R. Davis, his mother, Sylvia Nichols Davis. He spent four years, his teenage years, in the Episcopal College in Racine, Wisconsin. His family, particularly his mother, thought he should become a minister. He didn't see that, but he could repeat the Episcopal Service backward and forward, before and after. He could quote the Bible and anything else you wanted, but he did not think he wanted to be minister. So anyway, after four years, he left there. I don't know whether he graduated or not, but he did spend four years there. He went to Lincoln, Nebraska, and worked on the local newspaper for a while. In 1872, he came with I parents to Vallejo, California, where he worked on the local newspaper for a time. Then he went to San Francisco and worked for the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, the *Argonaut* and the *Newsletter*. Those were all San Francisco papers at the time. Then he went to Virginia City in about 1873, and he worked there on the *Chronicle*, edited the *Enterprise* for a time, and kept at work

writing and lecturing. It seems that anybody who did any writing also did a good deal of lecturing. So he used to travel around, as Mark Twain and the rest of them did, and lecture occasionally.

Then he came to Carson in 1879 to edit the paper after Mr. Mighels died. He came down to take over the editorship and management of the *Nevada Appeal*. About a year after that they were married. Mother thought she should show Mr. Mighels proper respect by waiting at least two years instead of one year. After a little more than a year, Dad came to her one day and showed her a letter offering him a very nice position in Oregon editing a newspaper. He said, "Now, you marry me and I'll stay here, but otherwise, I'm going to Oregon." So they got married. In due time I came along. I have a younger sister, Ethel Davis Wait, who lives here in Carson where the old home was. Mother turned the house over to her after Dad died. So that's where the family started.

The paper had always been a Republican paper under Mr. Mighels' management. But

my father became interested in the Silver Party movement and the Democratic combination. He thought they were more suitable for the State of Nevada. His particular interest was when William Jennings Bryan was running for the President and advocating what he called the "16 to 1 Silver Platform". My father visited him and became very interested and organized a Silver Party in Nevada.

Dad went East and visited Mr. Bryan at his home. He came home with the funny story of how he carelessly set himself in the highchair of one of the children while he was in the kitchen watching the dinner being prepared, and telling stories to the family at large, and when he got up he couldn't get out of it.

Later Mr. Bryan came West. I distinctly remember going to that party. He was campaigning for the Presidency. We drove up to Lake Tahoe and took the boat at Glenbrook, and crossed the Lake to Tahoe City. He and his wife and children had come by train to Truckee. They met the boat at Tahoe City and then went around the lake to Glenbrook. Then he came down to Carson and made a talk to the people. He stayed a day or two. He did not visit at the ranch, but stayed in Carson. We met them and spent the day with them taking them on boat rides around Lake Tahoe. I don't have any special memories of what he was like.

The thing that worried us most at the time was the fact that the children were so harem-scared, and they raced along where the railing of the boat left a space. We were scared to death. Mother was, and we were in the spirit of worrying with the kids racing and land in the Lake. Mrs. Bryan was so placid. She was tired of all this travelling, and she just sat and paid them not attention whatever. That's the most I remember about the trip. In those letters I gave you that Dad had written to Senator Stewart\*, they were talking about Bryan's campaign and the way in which to

merge the Silver Party with the Democratic Party, the easiest and best for all concerned. In a couple of these letters Dad said, "Well, I feel very certain Mr. Bryan is going to be elected." Of course, he wasn't. My father was elected on the Silver ticket.

He was elected State Controller in 1898 and took office January 1, 1899. He was elected for two terms. When the Silver Party didn't seem to have enough people to carry on he merged it with the Democratic. So he's listed as a Silver-Democrat. He served for eight years. Then he was appointed Publicity Agent for Nevada for four years. So he gave up editing the newspaper when he was elected State Controller.

Reinhold Sadler was a member of the Silver Party at the same time my father was State Controller. Mr. Sadler was the Governor. Once Mr. Sadler caught a bad cold, got laryngitis and lost his voice, and couldn't make his speeches. The candidates were travelling about the State by horse and buggy, stagecoach, railroad or any way they could get there, no automobiles. Two or three places my father said, "Well, don't worry, I'll make your speech." So my father made his speeches for him and told some jokes and funny stories and the crowd was very interested and laughed. Wherever he did that Mr. Sadler got every vote, and so did my father. They worked on that together. The organization of the party and all that is something that I don't remember enough of the inner workings. But I knew some of the people in politics.

Governor Sadler ran a very good practical type administration. He drank pretty heavily, and I've seen him stagger up the street. But they used to say even though he was drunk

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\*See Davis-Crowell Collection  
University of Nevada Library

sometimes, he had more business sense than most any of them. He was well thought of in spite of his drinking. I knew his family quite well. His granddaughter, Mrs. Baxter, lives in Reno.

I remember Governor Jones, he and his family lived in just the other block from where we lived. His son, Parvin, was in my class at school I think. I had some business deals with him later. He finally lost his mind and spent the rest of his life in the sanitarium in California.

Now, Mr. Jewett Adams and his little wife I knew very well. He was a Democratic Governor from 1883 to 1886. They must have lived here after, because if it was 1883 I wouldn't remember it.

I knew Governor Colcord and his wife and daughter very well. He was a Republican. Governor Colcord was a very tall good-looking man, his wife was fat and dumpy. They had a daughter who was so afraid she was going to be an old maid that she really was before she decided to marry. They're all dead and gone now. My sister and I were very good friends and lived in just the other block from the. Mrs. Colcord used to say, "How in the world do you and your sister get along so well? You're such good friends. I couldn't get along with my sister." The Colcords entertained a good deal, but with no style. There's quite a difference between the people in their social activities whether they were entertaining or whether their refreshments would be nice and so forth. I used to hear some of the ladies criticizing, although I was too young to go myself. I remember Mother telling that when Mrs. Colcord had a party, she would always come in and serve refreshment with a kitchen apron on; made you feel she was practically washing the dishes the minute you were through using them. I think that some of the early people did not have the social

graces that the later people have. Colcord was the governor for only one term, he wasn't particularly a good governor, as I recall it.. He lived a long time, his wife passed away.

His daughter finally married. Her husband died before she did. She was the last charter member of the Leisure Hour Club. She joined as a young girl when they first came to Carson. She passed away four or five years ago in California. She left the Leisure hour Club a legacy of \$500, and something similar to that to the Cemetery Association where her father and mother are buried. She had some property here that they had bought. It was the property just in back of the Governor's Mansion, a small strip. They built three or four small cottages which had been allowed to run downhill and get rather shabby, and the real estate man who was taking care of them didn't care who he rented to, and they had a lot of trouble. So that was ordered sold when she passes away, and the people were tickled pink, because they never knew whether a bachelor or maiden lady was renting the place. Well, the governor had to go out one or twice and quell a drunken riot. So when they finally got it settled, the Leisure Hour Club had to go through the courts here for the sale of that property. The State bought the property to add it to the Governor's Mansion.

Governor John Sparks and his family were lovely people. We knew them very well. They had a lovely home this side of Reno. I remember the family taking me over there when they had a big barbecue. That was my first experience with an out-of-door barbecue. John Sparks was a very popular governor and very highly thought of. But when his health failed to a certain extent, he decided not to run for his office again. My father had just completed his term in 1906 as the State Controller and he decided that he would run for governor to replace Governor Sparks. So

when they went to the convention in Reno (that was before primary days), Dad decided that they could not carry the election. At that time it was Democratic, and he was not strong enough to carry the democratic vote to successful election.

At that time Sparks was in the hospital in San Francisco, California. He was not present at all. My father decided that Governor Sparks was the only man who could elect the whole Democratic party successfully so he went to San Francisco, hopped the Southern Pacific train one night, persuaded Governor Sparks to come back home and announce himself as candidate for Governor. He did, and was elected.

Mother was very annoyed, she didn't want Dad to do that. This convention happened to be in Reno and Mother was there with Dad, she didn't want him to give it up. She wanted him to continue and be a candidate for Governor. So they offered him the Lieutenant Governorship and Mother just had a fit. She didn't want him to take anything so mediocre as that; that was just nothing at all. There was no salary attached except when the Lieutenant Governor was actually presiding over the Senate for 6 days. In those days, the Legislature finished at the end of 60 days and went home, period. They would turn the clock back at 12 o'clock and it might be 12 o'clock the next day but they were through. So Mother talked him out of it; she refused to accept it. So they said they would nominate him for a third term as State Controller. Well, no one had ever been elected for a third term before, so naturally he wasn't either. He was very badly defeated.

Young Denver Dickerson happened to be in there as a delegate. He was a representative from out in Ely. He was pretty busy and active, and nobody wanted to be Lieutenant Governor, so they offered it to him. When

Governor Sparks died then Dickerson became Governor. They built the Mansion during his term.

Mrs. Dickerson was about to have a baby so they thought it would be nice to hurry a bit and finish the Mansion so she could have the baby in the Mansion. So the paint was hardly dry when the Dickersons moved in there, and their daughter June was born. (To go on with future history . . . it was a long time after June and my son had grown up and gone to school together. Some thought my son was going to marry June Dickerson just as sure as anything. But by the time he got through with college in Portland, Oregon, the School of Pharmacy, and being ready to marry she had met somebody else. He told me on the way down from Portland after his graduation, "You know, I'm going to marry June this summer". And I said, "Well, she's a nice sweet girl". But when we got home at midnight, he said, "It's pretty late, but I'm going to call her". But when her mother answered she said, "I'm sorry, she's gone to a dance with someone else". When my son got in touch with her the next day she said, "I'm sorry, I've met someone else I like better". So that's the way things work out.) I worked in Governor Emmett Boyle's office for about three months before I went into the Supreme Court. I knew Governor Sorugham, Balzar, Griswold, the Kirmans, the Carvilles and the Pittmans.

My father was a very important in getting Key Pittman to go into politics and getting him elected to the United States Senate. He was a brilliant, brilliant man. More so than any of the rest of his family. He used to visit us at home. He was a very dapper, good-looking gentleman, very similar to his brother, Vail Pittman who was later the Governor of Nevada. Mrs. Pittman was a rather large, voluptuous, good-looking woman. They were very pleasant, nice people to meet. He satisfied



my father after he was elected. He was one of the most brilliant men we ever had back in Washington. There was no doubt about it. Dad was very proud of what he'd done. His brother, Vail, didn't half come up to his standards.

I remember Dad's being very friendly with Black Wallace. He was the lobbyist for the Southern Pacific, in those early days. Dad knew many of the Southern Pacific men. Dad knew lots of people; he liked people and wherever he went he got acquainted with everybody and told them a very funny story, and that's a very nice wedge to get into any party.

Oh, Dad just loved telling stories, at gatherings and crowds. But he was very sever against anyone that was not politically honest, or who was trying to edge a way in to accept money to decide cases or to vote for the railroad against the people.

When they wanted to go to Reno, if they wanted to go anyplace, they would hitch up two horses and drive to Reno and get the Southern Pacific. But not on the V & T if they could help it because they had no pass on that. Now, my sister and I went to St. Louis when they were having a fair there when we were both young girls. Dad got us passes on the Missouri Pacific and we changed cars two or three times. We made our whole trip on passes but they met us in Reno. We got off the train in Reno.

I will tell you about my father's relationship with Henry Yerington. Mr. Yerington was a very tall man with sideburn. They were never friends. Your see, when Mr. Yerington came here he and Mr. Bliss, Mr. Ardery and Mr. Tobey were all interested in the V & T, he particularly. They were interested in lumbering. They shipped lumber form all these hills here to go into the Virginia City mining and so forth. I don't remember the

name of the organization but all those men were connected with Mr. Yerington in the V & T Railroad. It ran from Reno to Carson and to Virginia City through Gold Hill to haul ore and so forth down here. And then many years later it was extended to run from Carson to Minden. You see, in the early days there was practically nothing but scattered ranches out in Carson Valley and they didn't feel there was a need for the railroad. But there was a need to carry ore, and material, and people and everything else because Virginia City was a thriving and busy town because they were taking so much money out of the mines. People were all well-to-do and had beautiful homes. Mr. Yerington was the manger of the V & T, and they had a very nice home, an they ordered a lot of their nice furnishings form Europe. They had one of the nicest homes in town, and they were very prominent in the Episcopal Church. Their children all grew up to very fine people, and had very fine educations and the best of everything. But he and my father didn't happen to be friends. They just didn't like each other. Mr. Yerington was thinking of getting into politics and taking some high office and really being the big boss. Dad learned that he had never been naturalized. He was born in Canada and he was not an American citizen. Dad wrote that up in the *Appeal*, and that settled Yerington's ideas of going into high and mighty politics and made him very, very angry. So, they were never very good friends, and my father hated to ride on the V & T.

They used to just get the team of horses (it was quite a long drive, 30 miles on a dirt road, no pavement) and it would take them between 2 and 3 hours from our ranch over the Lakeview Hill and on over to Reno and bring the team back. Then later, many years later, after Mr. Yerington was dead and gone,

we used the V & T commonly then. It was more convenient in many ways of course.

My mother was inclined to always be a little slow. She was never quite ready on time. My father was very alert and quick-motoned, he was always ready. "Come on now, it's time to go. Listen, we've only got so much time if we're going to catch that train to go to Reno." "Well, just a moment, Sam, I have something else I want to do." Might just be wash out a pair of stockings she had just taken off or something, but there was always something that Mother did so that she was never quite ready. So one of the brothers would be at the V & T depot. The train went out at 5 o'clock; it would go on to Reno to catch the Southern Pacific that went on to San Francisco. So they'd watch up the road and they weren't quiet there and it was time to go. They'd say, "Now listen, the Davis's are catchin' this train, now hold on, hold it up!" So many, many times when they did ride on the V & T they waited, ringing the bell and stamping their feet fairly waiting for the Davis's to get there, 'cause they were always a little late. The more Dad fussed, the slower Mother got, so it was one of those things.

Mr. Bliss was also in the V & T, although he was more interested in the lumber business. He was the Mr. Bliss that owned Glenbrook. I think the grandson still owns some interest up there. Bliss was interested in the little narrow gauge railroad that brought the timber from Glenbrook around the hill and flumed it from Clear Creek down to Carson. Mr. Ardery, he was one of the officers, was more interested in the railroad. And Mr. Tobey, I'm not sure which one he was more interested in. I think they were all more or less interested together in the whole combination.

Well, we liked Mr. Ardery and his whole family. One or two of his daughters were my age in school. He was a nice, well-considered

man so far as I know. He joined the Leisure Hour Club. I wish I could remember who it was, but Dad was trying to defeat someone who wanted to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. The convention was held in Elko and the man apparently had enough votes to receive the nomination, and Dad felt that as he was an employee of the Southern Pacific and that nothing would be honest if he were in that. That far back there were a great many accidents and claims against the railroad, their rights-of-way and that; they had a good deal of litigation. Dad thought it would be a case where this particular man would just shift everything against the people and for the railroad, and he didn't know how he could beat him. The man had the votes.

So, Dad left the convention hall and took a walk up the road and past the cemetery, where he got the brilliant idea of copying the names of four, five or six men, whatever he needed, off the tombstones. He went in there and voted the proxies. Anyway, that was enough to beat the man. They didn't question it, they accepted that; I guess there were other people who wanted the man beaten too, so they accepted that. Dad voted those proxies along with his own vote, and then wrote a real funny story about it. I wish I had that story, but I don't. He gave the whole thing away as a good joke. The defeated candidate picked up and left the State and that was the end of him, he just could not face the ridicule. So, if anything had to be done, Dad knew how to do it!

He enjoyed doing those things, putting something over on somebody else in a funny way, and then letting everybody laugh about it. He didn't make any bones, he didn't try at all to cover up and hide what he was doing, he just enjoyed writing about it and making a funny story. So I imagine he had a good deal of influence in every way. He was always going off on political conventions, and so on. But he



did not think politics were good for women to mix up in. He was not interested in the constitutional amendment permitting women to vote. Dad placed his women friends on a pedestal. He thought they should be at home and admired, and treated like ladies, and that was it. He knew that politics were kind of a dirty deal; it always was a dirty deal, more or less. Dad had his share of being double-crossed and beaten with things he wanted done, and that was the reason he felt that women would not elevate themselves at all if they undertook to be real politicians and got entangled with things that were really not, which he did not consider, right or good. I have some letters in which Dad wrote back and forth to Senator Stewart. He had one or two letters from President Teddy Roosevelt. He was in Washington so he decided he would go and call on the President. It wasn't long until he was telling stories and having a good time, as he would wherever he was; and Roosevelt was the same type of man so they hit it off rather nicely. When they started to leave, it was raining pretty hard. At the door as he walked out (I don't think they had as many people to escort everybody out then, it was more informal apparently then than it is now) he picked up an umbrella and carried it off and brought it home. So he wrote thanking the President and told him how much he had enjoyed his visit, and he said, "Thank you, I think it's very thoughtful to leave an umbrella for your departing guests when it's raining, and I carried the umbrella home". So, a letter or two came from Roosevelt answering a thing like that. He also has some letters from Thomas Edison. He had an idea that sagebrush could be transformed into something useful, whether there was a chemical content or oils or something that was worthwhile, and he was corresponding with several people on that sort of deal.

I remember very distinctly the fluming of the lumber down the Clear Creek Road. When we used to go to lake Tahoe, the road was kind of a snake trail; it was pretty steep. It's grown up now so you can't even see it. But when we were driving a team, when we came to that very sandy steep spot we kids all had to get out and walk and climb the hill. Mother would generally be the one to drive the horses. The lumber would go splashing through and we thought it was fun to put our heads up and catch the drops. The lumber was dropped down in the south part of the valley between Carson City and what is now the Stewart Indian School. That was named after Senator William Stewart. He was responsible for the establishment of that school.

In 1885, Ambrose Bierce published a book of my father's poems and writings, short stories and things. Dad never got around to doing it himself. I have a copy of that small book. He was a good friend of my father's and one of the most prominent writers, too. He was responsible for getting the little book together. Then Dad edited the two-volume history which was published in 1913. And in 1920, after he died, his brother Bob Davis had his story of *The First Piano in Camp* published by the Harper Brothers. To give Mother money from the sale of it, they published it as a Christmas book. Dad first wrote that and called it "A Christmas Carol". They published it in a nice little book form, and copyrighted it in my mother's name, so she had a little income from the sale of that.

Dad was always very fond of the theatre. We went to every theatrical thing that was given here within reach at all. He took my sister and me when we were pretty small young people. When they came in town to those things, they took us along. They had a Chinese cook; they didn't exactly go out and leave us two little girls in the house. The hired

men were also in the bunkhouse out there, so if the older brothers and sisters were not at home there was always someone at home. So we went to lots of things of that sort when we were quite young.

When my father was at the *Appeal*, he worked right out of his head. He never seemed to have any special systems. He would slip up to the house and write something on his stiff white cuff and then think about it some other time. He was very busy and interested and active in all sorts of things. But as far as I know, my father just went to the *Appeal* office and if there wasn't any particular news, he would just write a funny story and make up something, just anything that came to his mind. It was a very interesting paper. People were always sure that there would be something very clever and entertaining for them to read. He might perpetrate a real hoax that would startle people nearly to death and have everybody in tears about some terrible thing and then the next day laugh at it.

One time he wrote (it was very bad weather) this wild story with a big headline. He'd had a telephone message that this family was coming over the hill from over Markleeville way. There'd been sort of a landslide and their horses had been killed and therefor the family, a man and his wife and two or three children, were stranded and they couldn't get in. They were cold and were running out of food and they needed help. He had the town just up in arms. The *Appeal* was a morning paper then. So, the merchants rushed around and began packing groceries, the livery stable offering teams and horses. Everybody was all excited about sending an expedition out there immediately to rescue all these poor, hungry, starving, freezing people. And before any of them got out of town the next day, well then he came out and said, "what's the matter with you people? There's

no telephone out there! How could we get any word about it? It was just one of my yarns." He did a lot of that. His brother, Will, wrote a story once that Old Cave Rock had toppled over into Lake Tahoe, and the tidal wave had washed out everything at Glenbrook and caused a terrific lot of damage or something. Now, I think that was one of his brother Will's stories that he put in the paper and signed his name to it. So, the family all were pretty full of the ol' Nick. They all had a keen sense of humor and were a lot of fun to be with.

Dad's brother, Bob Davis, started work at the *Appeal* was what they called the "office devil". That was to sweep up and see that the floors were clean and that sort of work, and to carry papers. Then he learned to set type and was there as a compositor. Bob Davis never edited the *Appeal*. He left Carson and went to work on a newspaper in San Francisco when he was old enough to quit setting type and peddling papers. But he did quite a lot of work there and I think his brother Will probably worked there. I think all of the members of the family at some time, the other members, Mother's sons, did their share of working as compositors and job men and whatever there was to do.

We had a great lot fun at the old ranch, enjoyed living there. My father bought fine cattle, the first Holsteins in Nevada. He insisted on buying land; he wanted a ranch somewhere, and Mother finally agreed because this was close enough to town so her boys could go to school. She had three sons and a daughter. She didn't want to get any further out. We moved there in 1885. They hired a lot of Chinamen to clear the ground by hand. There was no equipment to dig sagebrush by machinery. They finally got it cleared and we moved. There were a lot of sakes and rabbits, and it was pretty wild for a long time. They bought those fine cattle and

they thought it was going to develop into a nice ranching property.

The story of how we lost the water right was rather interesting. The water rights that we had came from Marlette Lake. That was an artificial lake which was made to supply water for Virginia City. Well, for a time they flumed lumber when they were taking the wood off the hills here for timbering mines in Virginia City. That was flumed down to Lakeview. The water that came down for that purpose went down through Lakeview Canyon there and came down through our ranch. That was practically free water for just anybody; it just ran along. Some of it ran off into Washoe Lake and it was just waste. Well, they stopped fluming for taking timbers to Virginia City, so Dad bought the flume and bought the water rights so we would have our own water. With that 640 acres to get going to develop production we had to get water. So he bought that flume, and as I recall, bought 200 inches of water rights. That seems to be the figure in my head, but I wouldn't swear to it. Well, that was fine, we had lots of water. We had all those fields planted to alfalfa and everything and were raising these fine cattle. But the ranchers who had been using the water on the other side of the hill in Washoe County just didn't like the idea. It was going right by and they weren't getting it. So we discovered they were cutting holes in the flume and stealing water and causing trouble. The water just didn't come through, so we sent a man up there on horseback. He'd find where somebody had cut a hole in the flume, so he'd repair it and the next week they'd have one somewhere else. I remember one summer Dad hired a couple of men on horseback to patrol that thing up and down the hill, and when they were up there someone would cut it down here, and when the men were down here it would be cut up there. Well, in order

to clear all that, it meant a lawsuit in Washoe County and my mother would not listen to that. Mother had a pretty good will of her own, and Dad sort of conceded to whatever Mother wanted. You may have gathered that Mother was tending the business struggle of the ranch. They decided to just live there. So they gave up raising any more cattle and just kept what was needed; chickens, a few turkeys, and that sort of thing—just a gentleman's way of living in the country.

There was one section of flume up there, I suspect it's all gone now, where it was 100 feet high, over one of those dips where they built it up to make it level. It was 100 feet high, so you can imagine when they started cutting into that thing how much water came out. We would walk out at Marlette Lake, where we used to go fishing. We'd go out on horseback, or take a team, and walk the rest of the way. Water went out of Marlette Lake in a square wooden flume, around the hill so that if you walked around you'd look right down into Lake Tahoe on that side, you see. Maybe you'd walk around here to a place called the Red House where the water went into the pipes that came down all the way and up again, which was a very difficult engineering proposition because the pressure was so very great. Finally a German inventor came in and put in a pipe system so that going down the hill and up the hill there was enough pressure here to raise it to Virginia City. You see Virginia City and the Lake are practically on the same level, but it goes under the ground at Lakeview and up over the hill there. And that's the way Virginia City gets the water.

Now Carson has bought the water rights to Marlette Lake and still there's enough that goes to Virginia City for their needs, and the rest of it they're trying to get to come down to Carson. Some of the old tunnels and works there need a good deal of replacement. They

had a lot of trouble last year about whether we were going to have enough water or not, for the State and city. The Warren Engine Company had a big party every New Year's Eve in the old days. They had a regular banquet with big turkeys and ham and so forth at midnight. We always went to that. We sold them turkeys from our ranch. I would stand in what was called the tank house. Your would have to pick the turkeys while they were still warm. So, if there were three or four of us working, someone would kill the turkeys and hand them up. We would pick them just as soon as we could get the feathers off and not tear the skin. We enjoyed the dances, That was around 1892. Of course now where the ranch was is all built up. That hill where we used to go and climb and shoot rabbits and one thing or another is all built up with homes all the way along. It ran straight up to Lakeview. We sold that, finally. Mother wanted to keep buying another piece here and another piece there. She liked plenty of land. So we had a lot of water and the artesian water was so near the surface that all we had to do was put down a pipe, dig a well about 40 feet deep with a trough and it would make a good watering place if you wanted to make a small field someplace for cattle or calves or whatever you were doing. Just go out and drill a little well and make a little trough-like affair and there would be just a nice little stream of water. But that was not enough for irrigating the whole acreage. Some of the water was pumped from a deep well with a windmill for the household. With the well, when the wind didn't blow, we could always be sure about the water. It was pumped into a tank on top of a small building, which gave pressure for household purposes. I sold the land from the ranch finally for a pretty good price. I sold some of it for almost nothing. I was glad to do it because raising a couple of kids all alone and working for a

small salary and trying to buy a home and make something for the future was a little rugged. To sell a piece of ground for \$100, oh, I thought that was fine. Now, one piece I sold there, 15 acres for \$450, was just purchased by Mr. Sewell for in excess of \$250,000. That was part of our old ranch, just a small part. It was more or less in the shape of a triangle. Mother gave part to my brother Hal, part of Ethel and her husband, which has been sold, and I had part of the triangle.

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## FATHER AND MOTHER DAVIS

Grandfather Davis was an Episcopal minister. He was born in Connecticut. My grandmother declined to marry him unless he would become an Episcopal minister. She had made up her mind early in life that she would not marry anyone but an Episcopal minister. She was an extremely religious woman who lived her religion so completely, I never know anyone else who was more wrapped up in it. So, Grandfather said all right, you wait 'til I go to college. So he went to theological school, and as soon as he graduated they were married. I don't know where he went to college; I imagine it was there in Connecticut somewhere. When Dad came along they decided that they wanted him to be a minister so they sent him to be a minister so they sent him to an Episcopal college in Racine, Wisconsin, where he stayed for four years. Grandfather and Grandmother were sent out more or less as missionaries. They were in Nebraska, near Lincoln, and Dad joined them there and went to work for the newspaper and got into writing. He eventually came to California with them where

Grandfather had a parish in Vallejo, and then from there to Marysville. Wherever they were Dad did newspaper work. They eventually came to Carson City. The two younger sons were much younger, Bob and Will. Grandmother used to say, "Well, it was the change of climate, if I hadn't come West I don't think I would have had those two boys." Anyway, Dad and his sister were born in the East and were much older, the other two were much younger. Dad left them and went to San Francisco where he worked on the San Francisco *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, and three or four of the different papers there. From there he went to Virginia City. When the time came that he moved down from Virginia City to take over the *Appeal* for my mother, his mother and father came over here and accepted the parish of St. Peter's here in Carson. I think they came down in 1878, into Carson, and stayed there until 1888 or 1889, then went into retirement. Grandfather had reached retirement age by that time. You might be interested in his idea of religion and the way he occupied the church here. He never



refused the church services to anyone that called upon him. Whether it was the gamblers, the saloon people or even a prostitute, if they were ill ad called for the services of the church, Grandfather went ad tended them. And people like Mr. Yerington, and people who were high in the ranks of the Episcopal Church were very much annoyed and tied to force his resignation because he would sink so low to take care of those kind of people. His attitude was this, "You good people don't need the services of the Church, you're good already. If someone has fallen and they are out of grace, and they wish to make penance, some sort of return, I can help the They need me more than you do, and I shall take care of them whenever they call me, whether it's to bury them or to give them a prayer when they are sick." He didn't bring them in to the Church, if you know what I mean, but he went to them. If any of them were sick or in trouble, then Grandmother would rush right down with a bowl of soup. Of course, cooking was on an old wood stove, and a big iron kettle chock full of soup was on the back of that stove all the time. Everyday there was a new pot of soup cooking. And when people were sick or needy, Grandmother was right there. There was nothing better for anyone sick than good, rich, homemade soup. So Grandmother would go to those people. In here innocence as the years went by (I remember the family sorta laughing about it), Grandmother didn't even know what a prostitute was, or why she was or anything about it! Anyway, they had quite a bitter time fighting it out with the Yeringtons, the Benders and the people who were managing the Episcopal Church and keeping it very, very stylish. They bought their pews (each of them had their name on their individual pews) that they occupied on Sunday during services. And woe be unto anybody who sat down in a pew that they were

to entitled to: They brought them right out. They kept the Episcopal Church in very high tone, a socialistic sort of an attitude at that time, and Grandfather didn't think that that was entirely what the churches were for. And that was why they had a lot of trouble. But they did not put him out and he stayed there. According t that little booklet I have, he was very successful in his occupancy and was able to raise money and clear a good deal of indebtedness and was very highly thought of. Well, after he had retired in 1888, and had nothing to do, he just sort of settled down and thought, "Well, Mother, what are we going to have for dinner?" That seemed to be his attitude; he had nothing to do, no place to go. Well, Dad thought it was just too bad to see anyone with a good mind and active and alive and alert and well doing nothing. So he passed a bill through the Legislature, probably around 1891, and made arrangements with this law to have a weekly church service for the prisoners. The Legislature passed that and Grandfather was named the first minister.

He had the service three Sundays a month and the Catholic the fourth. And they paid him about \$10 a Sunday or something like that. I don't know that it was any more than that. By that time Dad had decided that he wanted to be a gentleman farmer (you might call it that because we never really ranched the place as a ranch; it wasn't successful enough for that). He moved out there and Grandfather and Grandmother moved into the old home in Carson. That's where they lived until Grandfather died. Then Grandmother went to Stockton, California, to live with Dad's brother, Will Davis, who was editing the *Stockton Mail* at that time. All the family turned into newspaper people. All of them. Even the daughter married a newspaper man, Henry G. Shaw, and the three sons were all newspaper men. So, Grandfather

enjoyed that service very much and the prisoners were very fond of him. They called him Father Davis, and her Mother Davis. That was an expression of affection, not of title as they are used now. They did so much for everybody that everybody loved them. I've helped Grandmother carry soup. It wasn't always soup, but that expresses what I mean. She would take food, or clothing or something to help families. There was one family. The father had left them and there were several little children and the mother had had a bad time. The minister at the time (it wasn't Grandfather them) had given her the use of the Sunday school room to use for a kindergarten school where she could take care of the little children. They lived up here not far and I used to walk along with Grandmother and help her take food along to those people. But she did that to everyone, she thought that was her duty, and her pleasure. It was affection for people and to help everyone who needed it. There were not so many people in Carson as there are now. When I was young, the biggest population that I remember was between 2,500 and 3,000. Now to go back to the prison. It was my duty (I was old enough then to drive a horse and buggy) to come in and pick Grandmother and Grandfather up and drive them down to the prison for the Sunday service. Grandmother played the organ. She had a very nice voice, and I thought I could sing a little bit too, so we formed the choir. Grandfather's service was in the dining room where they had benches and the tables, and we were in little cubbyhole about two steps up, and were walled in. On one side a guard sat with a gun across his knees, and on the other side was a little organ. There was just room for two or three of us to sit and conduct a service. Grandmother provided the music, and Grandfather would say, "Boys, what would you like to sing?" they were old men,

and prisoners there for serious crimes, and they would call out the numbers of hymns they would like to sing. And that to this day still amazes me. Grandfather let them sing several hymns, and they seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and he never preached real hell-fire and damnation type sermons to them. He tried to give them something that would make them feel better and happier. Giving them something to live up to and not something to live down. He did that very successfully. After his death it was arranged that the different denominations would take over so that each minister in town would have one Sunday. There were only four regular churches at that time in Carson—the Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Methodist and the Presbyterian. That, as far as I know, is still in effect. I have noticed since that one of the usual Legislative appropriations is for ministerial services at the Nevada State Prison. For years it was \$600.





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## THE LEISURE HOUR CLUB

Mother became very interested in the Women's Relief Corps. They are extinct now. They were for the relatives of the Civil War veterans, and she was president of that organization. She wanted me to join each of those things so I could bring her in from the ranch, and I could come with her. I was secretary of the Women's Relief Corps for five years, and I was secretary of the Pythian Sisters, which she was interested in also. Dad was in the Knights of Pythias. That was the only organization that he ever entered. He wasn't very interested in belonging to lodges and things, but he did belong to that, so she became interested in the Pythian Sisters. She was also president of that, and for five years I was the secretary. Right up to the time I was married I had just finished five years for each of those. I resigned and I never joined either of those when I got through, but I did go right back into the Leisure Hour Club. That was the one I liked, and Mother became interested in it too. She was the president in 1910 when they built the clubhouse. She served as president a couple of times. The club was an

organization similar to the Twentieth Century Club in Reno except that it had just as many men members as it did women. It was formed by men and their wives, like Mr. Vanderleith and his sister. Dad and I were asked to join before Mother was, because she was very lame and not able to come in to town very regularly. But she was finally asked to join too, so she did. One time a woman came from California and wanted to organize the ladies' clubs in Reno, the General Federation of Women's Clubs. They asked the leader of our club to send delegates. Mother was sent to Reno as one of the delegates. They needed five, and in Nevada there were just five women's clubs. There had to be five to complete this organization. When they found that there were men members in the Leisure Hour Club, then this woman from California was right up in arms. "Well, this is strictly a women's organization! We cannot have men members of this club!" and so forth. My mother said, "Well, I'm very sorry that's the way you feel. We like our men members, so I'll just bid you goodbye and go home." Well, that left them

with only four. Mother said, "we're not asking our men members to resign, because we like them and they've helped to organized the club. We'll have nothing to do with getting rid of them." So, they thought it out and they huddled, and finally said, "Well, the Leisure Hour Club may join but the men members can have absolutely no vote in anything that has anything whatever to do with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. You can keep them strictly to yourselves, but don't let them interfere with our business in any way." So Mother accepted that, they formed the organization and ended up electing her president, the first president. The Leisure Hour Club was organized in 1896, by the Episcopal minister, the reverend J.B. Eddy, Mr. Vanderleith and his sister, and other members of the Episcopal congregation, about 20 of them. They met in the Sunday school room of the Episcopal Church. The dues were 10 cents a moth, and they met every Wednesday night, It was agreed that every member must do their share of writing and giving papers, and that they would, each year, set out a course of study, whether it was the history of the French Revolution, or some of the old English history. Whether it was literary, or dramatic, or musical, it was a complete line of study from start to finish. They would have two or three papers every night, maybe a local interest; that is, a daily news each time which would be an impromptu thing. They were supposed to read and study and discuss this subject, so it was strictly a study club. No refreshments, no anything else, but meeting to study and prepare your paper. I noticed that one of the very first papers in the programs had my name on it. I gave a certain section of something about the French Revolution, and I sang the "Mareillaise" for them. I had another paper on Greig's music, and I sang one of his songs. We did that sort

of thing, we worked at it. It was something we all had to do, and we couldn't join unless we agreed to write a paper. We all had to do our share. Everybody was helping everybody else, and they were learning something working together. Now, it's strictly a meeting to enjoy, where we're not working for it. Times have changed. The Club flourished and kept increasing, growing larger and better. And in the course of all these years, I think that all of the governors, and all of the prominent State officers who were interested in that sort of thing have joined the organization. They're still flourishing and doing very nicely and having real good times. Only now they have refreshments every night, and only meet twice a month, and they ask an outside speaker to come in and deliver a speech. The members aren't doing as much; it's not at all what it used to be. It's just progress. We didn't have radio or television and had to make our own entertainment. We had to do something of the sort or else there wasn't anything to do. Now we have so much, all I have to do is turn the television on, stretch out here, and have it all handy, you see. Well, in the course of time they left the Leisure Hour Hall (in the Church). They rented a place where the Masons were holding their meetings, upstairs over the old brewery. That is now where the *Appeal* is. We met there for a while ad then the Masonic people moved downtown, so we were sort of left high and dry. So, we decided we would build our own home. And that met with a good deal of approval. By that time we had a pretty good-sized organization. Sam Platt and his sister Ida, her husband Dr. Cavell, and a lot of people were interested enough to do that, so we incorporated then. We had to do that when we bought the small lot where the building is situated now across from the Presbyterian Church. We paid for it by contributions from each member of the

organization, what they felt like giving. I think they paid about \$500 or something and the members just all chipped in and made contributions, enough to buy a lot. When they built the building in 1910, that cost us about \$5500 to build. That was rather interesting. A firm came in to town that was going to build a big, brand-new beautiful brewery, and they bought some ground west of town and had the cement blocks all made. The deal fell through, and they gave it up and left, stating that they discovered that the water here was not suitable for making beer. Well, they had been making beer here since 1865, and men who knew their beer said that the best beer in the whole wide world was here. I had friends from California who used to come up visiting around and they could hardly wait until we'd go down to the brewery and have a glass of beer. They'd say, "Oh, this is the best beer in the whole wide world." There were one or two people of German descent who really knew their beer, and they said they couldn't drink the beer in San Francisco. So that was rather ridiculous. But, anyway, my brother Hal Mighels, who was running the *Appeal* then, took the contract to build that building. He got all those cement blocks very reasonably. He knew nothing about building but he just hired the people necessary to do it. My mother laid the cornerstone. She was the president that year (1910), so she laid the cornerstone. Somewhere there's an article stating what had been placed in the Leisure Hour cornerstone, and that Mother conducted the ceremonies and made the speeches. In order to pay for the building, they issued \$25 bonds which they sold to the members at 6% interest. Then at the end of the year, the money was used to redeem the bonds. Anyone who would say, "I would like my money, I need it", was paid off. Some of the others, most of them, declined to take any interest. They just took their

money back. But some of the felt that they wanted the interest and would say, "Well, just let mine ride", and they just collected the interest. Then, in order to raise money to do all that, they had theatrical performances of one kind or another. Some of the early entertainments we used to have included the colored minstrels. I played the end man two or three different times. It always seemed that if there was anything that called for a black-face character, if it was feminine or even if it wasn't, they used to ask me to do it because I didn't mind blacking my face. We did have some very good entertaining minstrels, some with all ladies, and some with men and women together. We had a very nice Chinese one-act thing. It made a hit and they decided to enlarge that and make some money out of it. My brother, Phillip Mighels, was here at that time, so he wrote the rest of what we would need. I played the Chinaman lead. The chorus had little girls with their cute little Chinese costumes. I sent to San Francisco for a pair of honest-to-goodness Chinese slippers. Now, I can't get my feet in them to save my life! We had just a lot of fun with that sort of thing. And we put on some dramatic things. We played the *Mikado*. And I have a list of one or two act plays that we put on. There was one very good minstrel show put on when I was away from here. My sister used to take part in these things, too, and she had a nice part in that one. For one, they hired a woman who came on through and gave her half the proceeds for directing the entertainment. In three weeks she gathered up the crowd and trained them all and taught the group to dance. My sister said she lost ten pounds learning to dance what this woman wanted her to do because they really had to buckle down and work. The list of money they made on that showed that they gave her \$350 and they kept \$350 profit. I also have a list of the

first people who bought \$25 bonds when they were making the building. That was the club's first project. They spent quite a bit of money adding to it and now it's heated with a gas furnace and gas panels. They put in a big double gas range and hot water heater and all that sort of thing. It's all been improved. The place was built with a big stage so there was space to take care of our performances, because that was the main thing we used it for. We would have our performances there, and we would take it to Virginia City to the Pipe's Opera House, and maybe out to Gardnerville, and then maybe to Reno to put on whatever the ply might be. I was in two or three at Piper's. We did most anything we had here up there, whether it happened to be a minstrel show, or whether it was the *Mikado*. In the *Mikado*, I was only in the chorus because I didn't sing well enough for a lead. We would play for three or four nights and maybe \$600 or \$700 out of it, and that way it didn't take us very long to pay off our indebtedness. It was all by the efforts of the members of the Club. When we built the clubhouse we had a big stage because we had to raise money to pay for the building. Mr. Ardery gave us the big beautiful velvet curtains for the stage. I remember that, and he and his family were members of the Club. We used to do nigger minstrels and light operas, straight drama. There was a lot of nice talent and many of the men members had had professional theatrical experiences musicians, piano players or something. I know that Mr. Ardery was the only one of the members of the V & T Company who was one of the members of the Club and did things for the Club. Now the Yeringtons and those people did not. We had a good many men like Mr. Vanderleith who had some good professional stage experience. Mr. John Meder played the piano very well. He had played kind of

professionally from dancing and stage performances; he had a good deal of professional experience. And Sam Platt was a very fine musician, and he and his sister were just willing, ready workers that helped a good deal. And Mrs. Ed Yerington was very talented, she danced beautifully, and she could sin, was as gifted as she could be. And there was Miss Jane Torreyson, who was one of the school teachers. She had a great deal of ability to assist in that kind of work, and they really did some creditable things. Well, then we were unfortunate enough to have a fire in 1941. We had a furnace in the basement and the grills came out of two sides of the stage. Originally they had two big stoves to build a fire in, but they decided that they should have proper furnace, so that was put in. After we got it paid for, we issued a few more bonds and got some more money and did that. Whenever we needed anything we just issued bonds and sold them to the members of the Club and paid it off. Well, we had it rented then to one of the church groups. One of the Latter Day Saints people had come in here. They had no church of their own; they rented that for Sunday service. On the last day of the year in 1941 it was terribly cold, windy, stormy, and there was snow on the ground. They built a roaring fire in the furnace and had it all nice and warm. When they got ready to go home someone went down and pulled all the dampers shut. It wasn't twenty minutes until "bang, bang" the whole thing blew up. It just blew the front of the stage out and set fire to everything in sight. Thank goodness everyone was out of the building. That was a pretty heavy loss, and by that time we were not needing this great big stage. So after a good deal of consideration, they decided to leave a small stage and use the south end of it and make a large kitchen and rent it for banquets. We thought if we could find a caterer we could

rent it out to organizations like the Lions Club and that sort of thing for their luncheon meetings. So, we sold some more bonds, but that sort of a deal never did work out. But we do rent the hall for wedding receptions. It's small, and the kitchen is good-sized. We put everything we needed in there. We still rent it for dinner dances and lectures and various things, so we make money enough to keep it going. That's the way the Leisure Hour Club got started. We're faced now with the fact that the floor's giving up the ghost, we're going to have to put a new floor in the main room. Two years ago we found trouble at the entrance side. There's an entrance hall on either side, the men's room on one and the ladies' room on the other. The floors were giving way, there was a dry-rot situation under there. We had to take first one then the other one and replace them. Then it seemed to have spread to the main building, so we put a new floor in the main hall. We organized a junior group. It's quite active, because after all, all the original members were really old. Now most of them have passed out of the picture. I guess I'm the oldest one left. They hated to see it give up and they thought if they organized a junior group that when they got to be forty years old they would continue on a merge with the main organization; then we'd be assured that there would always be an organization. The juniors like to entertain by having dinner parties. They set up a bar and have a few drinks and have a nice time. Some of the people that were the most prominent in the older Leisure Hour Club objected to our ever having any liquor in the hall. We had most of the ministers, the Reverend Harvey and his wife were very good members of the Club, and Mr. Harvey very seriously objected to anything in the way of liquor at any time or any place. So our type of entertainment, if we feel we should make a little money, will be a

public card party or something like that. But otherwise, it's renting it for other people's use. The juniors remodeled the ladies' room, and made it very attractive. One of their projects when they made some extra money was to do something nice for the hall. A couple of years ago we put in some nice new drapes, and we painted and redid the hall and made it more attractive. Now it's just very nice for a wedding reception and that sort of thing. Before they built the Leisure Hour Hall we'd had a lot of performances in the old Sagebrush Club. That was an organization of the men of the town who wanted a place where they could loaf around and sit down and play a game of cards in the afternoon, just a regular man's club. Once a month they had a ladies' night and invited all their wives and friends. We all belonged to that, and used to go and play cards and have nice refreshments that night. Well, they decided that they wanted to have a better assortment of dishes and silver and one thing and another, so we put on a ladies' minstrel show, and I was in that one. We made money enough to buy 100 community forks and spoons, and line tablecloths, enough to take care of 100 people. That was about the limit that we ever had. My mother embroidered a great big SC monogram on the tablecloths. When the depression came along, and things kinda went bad, the old Sagebrush Club disbanded. The building they were in was sold. It was where the Treasure Shop is. So they tired meeting in the Leisure Hour Club for a while and that wasn't at all successful. The men who were originally interested died, or left or something. So they gave to the Leisure Hour Club the Silverware and the tablecloths and so forth, and we were using them. Well, finally the tablecloths sort of disappeared. My mother was on the board of trustees all her life and these last years I've been on the board of trustees, plus the house

committee. Since I have time on my hands I attend to renting the hall and that sort of thing. I took some tablecloths down to the laundry after we had a party and used them. I said, "I think it's mighty funny, I don't know what's happened to those tablecloths we used to have from the Sagebrush Club. They've just disappeared." We used to use them maybe two or three times through the winter, and we never knew quite what happened between times. The lady at the laundry just burst out laughing and said, "You'd be very amused to know how sends those tablecloths here quite regularly." Somebody just up and stole them and then had the nerve to sent them to the laundry! When we began serving just a light little refreshment after each meeting, we had a committee appointed for that. We had a very nice, long lace tablecloth. We'd set the table up in a little buffet style, and take our good silver down and make it pretty with flowers and what-have-your, and tat lace tablecloth disappeared. Everything nice that we took (we had some very pretty tall antique vases that we used on the fireplace mantle in the way of decoration) disappeared. So now we don't try to decorate at all. When there's a party or something you take your own decorations and then take them home. The juniors have a cabinet which is locked tight with a padlock, and anything we went to take care of we have to padlock because it just disappears. It's amazing, a place like that, and we rent it to the nicest people in town. We had big nice aluminum pots and pans, cooking utensils, and now they're all gone. The great big coffee pot I anchored tight; they can't take that away. Now we just deep on meeting, and have guest lecturers. We don't study anymore like we did originally.



**THE CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS FIGHT**

I remember this very well. You may remember reading about the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Carson City. I was in school then. Mr. Fitzsimmons trained for his time at this ranch below the prison. It was then called Cook's ranch; it's changed since then. He used to run that straight road up to the main street, and that was part of his exercise. He found us holding Sunday service at the prison, and he asked to join us and came in. He and I sang out of the same hymn book more than once. A great, big, tall, homely man, his arms came clear down to his knees. He was big-broad-shouldered man, he wasn't fat, but for big shoulders like that his head was rather small. He was not good-looking; he had a freckle-face and kind of roughly blondish hair. But he was very cordial and genial and happy-go-lucky, and everybody liked him. He was very friendly, and he thoroughly enjoyed coming in there and holding service with us. He knew the hymns and all. Now Mr. Corbett, on the other

hand, did his training at the Carson Hot Springs which was about a half a mile from where we were living on our ranch. He was a very handsome and dapper man, always very dressed up and very immaculate. They called his "Handsome" Jim Corbett, and he was very good-looking. But he was very stand-offish; he was just so many degrees better than the rest of the people. One of his trainers actually made a mistake and hit him in the face when they were training and he really beat him up. The trainer wasn't supposed to do that. Mr. Fitzsimmons, on the other hand, if they knocked him and rolled him all over, that was fine, make it rough, that was part of the fun. That was the difference between the two men. As I remember, my dad's brother, Bob Davis, was sent from New York by the paper he was working for, the *New York Sun*, I believe, to live in camp with Fitzsimmons and report daily. I have a book that he wrote about Mr. Fitzsimmons and his wife, who was here with him. I don't remember ever seeing his wife. She was here for the fight but whether she was here all the time he was training I just don't

remember. There were a lot of newspaper men here then of course, I remember Dad inviting all the representatives of different newspaper here to report the fight out to the ranch for dinner a time or two. Dad just loved people around. We had a good Chinese cook, all we needed was to give him a couple of days notice and we really had good food. Finally, Dad was hired to write his story of the fight. I don't remember for which paper; but one of the Chicago papers wanted Dad. They sent him a letter asking him to do it. But he couldn't because he had already agreed to do it for another paper. They ended up asking if my mother would report the prize fight. Well, Dad persuaded her that that would be a good thing to do, so Mother went to the prize fight with Dad. She was so ashamed of being in a place like that (there weren't over a half-a-dozen women present). I remember her coming home and saying there was Mrs. Fitzsimmons, and two or three of the trainers and their wives, and one or two of the newspaper men and their wives. So there was a very limited number of women present, and Mother felt completely ashamed of herself for being there at all. So when it was all over, the blow that knocked out Mr. Corbett was what they call a solarplexus, just above the belt. Anything below there was a foul. His back was to Mother so she didn't see the blow. She didn't realize that he was going down; he just slumped. When she came home, she said she had seen a better fight out in the back yard among her own boys. When the article was sent in and published, I'll be darned if she didn't sign a fictitious name to it. She never signed her own name to it. I ran across that about four or five years ago, and I gave it to my sister to put in her scrapbook. I knew from reading it that it was Mother's work all right, she signed it "Eleanor V."\* I think they paid her \$50.

That seventeenth of March, about the time the fight was over it began to snow. The private trains had come in and parked. People coming had their private trains, and extra tracks had been laid. Did they ever hurry up and get them going because it was snowing! We kids hung around downtown and wished we could go to the show, but couldn't.

#### **SAM DAVIS, POET**

Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davies were a theatrical team; they were very prominent. They were very good friends of my father and had visited here often. Their daughter spent about six weeks with us out at the ranch. She was very, very fond of the sagebrush. Whenever it rained she wanted to just go out and thoroughly enjoy it. Her family had been touring and she was to catch up with them. So when she was ready to go back to her home in Chicago, she had packed a box of sagebrush to take home. She said one day, "Oh, Uncle Sam, why don't you write me a poem about the sagebrush. I'm so fond of it; you write me a poem." So he dashed off three or four verses rather roughly, then he added to it and completed the six verses or so you see now. He gave that to her and she was thrilled to death. I think I showed you the rough draft on this typewriter, and I found somewhere the two or three first verses that he'd written, and then he enlarged it to the one now popularly used as "The Lure of the Sagebrush." I had hoped the Centennial people would use one entitled "Nevada, Battle Born", which he also wrote the same way. I found three or four stanzas of that and then I found it improved to the full six or seven verses. That described the money that helped

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\*See Davis-Crowell Collection,  
University of Nevada Library



to win the Civil War. Nevada was born during wartime. It was very, very appropriate, and was a very well-written, nice thing. I sort of suggested that to two or three people, but they seemed to find something else they thought they liked better, so it was not used. He wrote a great deal merely for the fun of writing. Anything that came in to his mind, he could write poetry or write a little story, or make a funny story out of it, but he never had the ambition to make a good deal of money out of his writings. He was interested in too many other things. The writing was just his pleasure, you might say. I have found an envelope of his poems that I don't think have ever been published. They were written and nobody seems to know much about them. My daughter had them tucked away. I still wish we could get them all together sometime, somehow, and have them published or something. Maybe I'll go to work on that. I found a whole stack of typewritten things my father had written and had his name signed on them so I know he wrote them. He also saved poems and things that some of his friends had written. There are many fine poems written about Virginia City, many of them by friends of my father. He sort of had them tucked away among his books too, and always with the proper credits. One thing he did not like was anyone who plagiarized anything. My father said, "If a man couldn't write his own material originally, he just has not business writing at all." That was aimed at this younger brother, Bob, who made his living writing and who just made it a business to just make all the money he could out of it. One or two of Dad's things he had changed just a wee bit and claimed as his own, and it made my father furious. He just really blew his top with anyone who couldn't write his own material. But that didn't happen very often, and I think Bob learned his lesson.

Other than that he and Bob got along very nicely. He was much younger than my father.

### THE MACKAY STATUE

The Mackay statue story is very simple. Dad was still the State Controller when he had an idea it would be nice to erect a statue or something in honor of John W. Mackey, whom he admired very much. When Dad was a newspaperman in Virginia City before he moved to Carson, he felt that all of the money that was taken out of Virginia City went to build up San Francisco; there was nothing left to honor any of them left in Nevada, and he thought that Mackay was the one that he thought should have been so recognized. Dad's idea was a statue of John Mackay that he would put in the Capitol grounds here in Carson. So he went East at his own expense and interviewed Clarence Mackay and said that he thought it would be a nice thing if he would do that. So it pleased Clarence Mackay very much, and he said that he had just never thought about it, "But I don't know a sculptor, do you?" Dad said, "Well, I'll find one." So he called upon my brother, Philip Mighels, who lived in New York. He was a writer also. Philip said, "Yes, I know Gutson Borglum very well, and he rates very highly." As the Borglum family was crossing to California in a covered wagon, they stopped a day or two, and Gutson was born, so he claimed that he was a native Nevadan. So they got together, Clarence Mackay and Mr. Borglum, my brother, and Dad and the arrangements were all made. Dad came home very pleased with himself. Mr. Borglum, of course, was given pictures of the elder Mr. Mackay, and everything they could give him to make a statue that would be in his likeness. But his models did not seem to enter into the spirit and they did not have the physique and so on,

and he was not happy with them. So he called my brother in one day and said, "I wish you'd tell these boys what a western man ought to look like." So my brother took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and they talked it over, and so he posed for them and finally struck the attitude that Mr. Borglum wanted. So then he said, "Well, you're elected, you're going to pose for this statue. I need your figure; it's perfect; it's what I want." Philip Mighels posed for the entire thing. When the time came to bring it West and get it set up, the State officers took it upon themselves to decide they did not want any statues cluttering up the lawn at the State capitol. They declined to accept it. That put my father in a funny spot because the plans had all been made. Mr. Borglum had accepted the \$15,000 for the job and it was ready to be shipped West, and they didn't want it. Dad didn't know what he was going to do about it. Then it came to the attention of Joseph E. Stubbs, President of the University. Although he and my father were not at all good friends, he did contact my father and suggested they would like to have it at the University if that would meet with my father's approval. It did, so it was arranged that it should be put over there at the School of Mines, which was named the Mackay School of Mines. So Mr. Borglum came West when the time came to place it and unveil it. And he spent, as I recall, about six weeks at our house. We were living at the ranch, north of Carson. He made numerous trips back and forth and had this place located, and the size of the marble block settled. Mr. Mackay and his wife, and a number of their friends and relatives came West in their private train, which was sidetracked in Reno, to be present for the unveiling, and were there for about a week. Of course Mother and Dad went over to Reno for that event, too. And my father made a speech when the statue was unveiled, which

was very nicely received, and in which he said some very nice things about Mr. Mackay and Clarence Mackay. It brought tears to the eyes of Mrs. John Mackay and the people there to think and feel that Mr., Mackay was so highly esteemed. Well, that was fine, and Dad saw quite a bit of Clarence Mackay and the family. But Mr. Stubbs and his wife decided, before the Mackays went back, to have a nice evening reception for a lot of the University people and the Mackays. But my father and mother were not invited to that party. It annoyed my mother exceedingly. She was very, very angry because she had wanted to be there. My father thought it was a good joke and he laughed at it. He took things gaily; nothing depressed Dad very much. But anyhow, he was not there, so the next day Mr. Mackay contacted Dad and said, "What happened? We missed you last night." Dad said, "Well, we were not invited to your party." That disturbed Mr. Mackay, and he thought that surely wasn't a very kindly thing. Dad made a joke about how angry Mother was, and how he thought it was just a good joke and he didn't care. So, when Mr. Mackay went back to New York he purchased from Mr. Borglum this lovely stature, which you see in my room, called "The Return of the Boer". That was at the time the English and the Boers were at war in Africa. It depicted a weary Boer soldier on his horse returning home at the end of the battle time with nothing left of his home but a few foundation rocks and stones. He and the horse both were pretty dejected and unhappy. It's a very artistic, nice piece of work. So, Mr. Mackay sent that to my mother as a sort of "consolation prize" because she had not gone to the party. Mr. Borglum was a very charming man, one of the most dynamic people. He wanted to be going all the time, doing something. He loved to ride horseback. We had lots of horses. When there

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was nothing else to do, Mr. Borglum would say, "Let's take a ride." So my sister and I would saddle up three horses and away we'd go at a wild gallop. He loved it particularly if the wind was blowing and the weather was blustery, so we could just let it breeze right through us. Or, we had to be playing cards. We had to be doing something. He didn't every want to sit idle. He was very active and energetic. My sister and I just thoroughly enjoyed sorting around the country and riding horseback. Neither of us went to Reno, I guess we weren't considered old enough or something. I have no recollection of being present at the time of the unveiling of the statue, June 10, 1908.



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LUCY DAVIS CROWELL

I found a letter that Mother had written to her brother in 1882. It said that Dad had accepted a position as editor of a Salt Lake paper, and that he had been there for a month, and that within the next two weeks she would “gather my little brood about me and we will join him in Salt Lake City. I am enclosing a picture of my darling little daughter (which was me). I want you to know that she is growing quite a bit prettier than the picture shows!” When I was born, Dad’s brother Will came in and looked at me and said, “She looks just like a little papoose.” My hair was very black and straight and I had big brown eyes. He didn’t think I was beautiful at all!

Dad didn’t stay in Salt Lake City much more than a year. I was taken very ill, and he resigned his position and we came home. Mother said they carried me home on a pillow on the train, not being at all sure whether they would get me here alive or not. Apparently it was a typhoid type of illness. I remember her saying the sanitary conditions were awful in Salt Lake City at that time, and there was a great deal of sickness. When I was too sick

to get along, or get comfortable, or to live, they decided it wasn’t worth it and we came back home.

I graduated from high school in 1898. The first dance I ever went to was the Inaugural Ball for Governor Jones. The first dance I ever went to with a beau, without the family along, was something similar to those Friday Night cotillions.\* I was past eighteen years old. It was a private New Year’s party. The young man who wanted me to go was a little older than I. He came and asked my father quite formally if he might escort me to the party. That’s the way we did things in those days.

I worked for two years in my dad’s office, the last two years that he was there. I did stenographic and general helpful work around, and shared my time with the State Treasurer. There were only about three female clerks in the Capitol building. The state Treasurer’s deputy was Frank Wildes. He

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\*See programs in “Crazy Book” scrapbook, microfilm, Crowell-Davis Collection, University of Nevada Library

hated the feeling of handling paper money. The money was all spread out in stacks: tens, twenties, and fives. The State people would come around to count the money and check the books and audit at unprepared times. Of course, we never knew when it was going to happen. Wildes would come to me and I would count the paper money. I didn't like it either. He said, "Oh, I can't bear that stuff; it makes me nervous." He was the high-strung, nervous type. There never was more than \$5,000 worth of paper money, but it was never in the bank. It was all in the vault in the Treasurer's office. I never knew anything about how to unlock the safe or anything like that, but when they would come, he would run to me, "Come count the paper money."

Another time the *San Francisco Examiner* was writing up a New Year's edition having a lot to do with Carson and Nevada, and they wanted a double-page display; and they asked my father to do that. He had accepted another assignment and couldn't do it. So I went to work on it and I got it done, I got some pictures and other things. When I got it all ready to turn in, I'd said everything there was to be said, I thought. But it was only half enough to fill the two pages. If I ever wrote anything at all, my only knack was to say what I had to in a few words, not embellish it. To take that to pieces and spread it out to make it enough was a real hard job. I ended by getting a lot more pictures, which I had to buy or have someone take. They paid me \$50. That's the sum total of my literary works that I ever got paid for. It was probably in 1905 or 1906.

Then I married in January, 1907. My husband and I went to London. He was studying some special metallurgical stuff at the Royal School of Mines. He had a little mining business deal he thought he could put over, so we spent a good deal of time over there. We came back in ample time so our son

could be born in Nevada. I wasn't very happy with the English people or anything else.

It was cold and so foggy you couldn't see out of the window half the time. The people were so different. We were so hospitable and outgoing, and I didn't have proper introductions to the wives of the professors at the college where he was studying. They didn't invite me to their houses or come to see me. I was not introduced by the Governor or somebody, so I felt very odd.

I used to go down to the school where he was in the afternoon. Of course, the English people stopped everything and went out to tea. Well, he had a lot of work he wanted to finish in a limited time and he didn't choose to go out to tea. So he gained permission from them to stay until five o'clock. He worked straight through to continue his assaying and metallurgical studies. He had an idea that the minerals of this State were of such a variety that there was no reason why people shouldn't prospect for them, except that no one knew about them. No one had assayed them or paid any attention to them. So he was studying the type of metallurgy to go into all other types of metal besides gold, silver, lead, zinc, iron and copper. That was about all they thought about at that time. Now they're using nearly everything under the sun in addition to that. We were just 50 years too soon.

So anyway, I used to go down and meet him there and just work along with him. Well, they thought that was wonderful, they were awfully nice to me. They got quite a kick out of this American man coming over to study and bringing his wife, and the idea that she would come down and study and work with him. So then we went down to Penzance in Wales, to study underground surveying. That's where the mines went out three miles under the ocean's surface. Penzance is a little town on the shore there. We stayed a couple of months

and I studied all of that right along with him. I like mathematics and it was fun to work together. Besides, we knew we had to hurry up and get home. We wanted to get home in ample time, so I worked with his survey maps and all that sort of thing.

When we left London to go down to Wales, we invited about six of these people, the professors and their wives, to a dinner party at my house and I cooked dinner, an American dinner. We had rented rooms with service. The maid of the woman who rented to us would cook our meals for us and so forth. Well, the English cooking didn't appeal to us and I had nothing else to do so I sort of arranged for me to go in and cook my way once in a while. They were very, very pleased to let me do that because I always cooked enough for them. I never met the husband of the lady who was supposed to be our landlady; she was supposed to have a husband but I never saw him. The maid was a funny little Irish lady with gray hair. She was very intrigued with us and was very nice to us. She used to sneak me an extra piece of coal once in a while when it got so foggy and cold. So, anyway, once in a while I would go in and cook something that was strictly American for the pleasure, and always enough to give them, so they sort of depended on that, and were practically living on it. Afterwards, we found out that what she charged us for the rental of those rooms was equivalent to what she paid for her whole house; we were paying all of the rent. She finally fired the little old lady for giving us too much attention, giving us a little extra piece of coal or something.

Well, we invited those people and gave them a strictly American dinner and they apparently loved it. They had a wonderful time. They stayed so long that they left on the run, they had to hurry to catch their busses because it was midnight. When we came back

from our visit to Penzance, we went back to the same little house. The same little old lady was there, and they were very glad to see us. We stayed there for about a week visiting around. Do you think any of those ladies I had entertained ever did anything for me? The men were very glad to see us, but I was not sufficiently or properly introduced to the women and they were not quite sure I was good enough for them, if you know what I mean. That's only one small thing, but I wonder why Mr. Crowell didn't land in jail or something once in a while because the men he worked with were so sure that England had won the Revolutionary War. They just didn't have anything nice to say about us and our country, and of course he would argue the matter. Sometimes I would wonder, "My gosh, what will happen to him? Why doesn't he keep quiet?"

When we were in Penzance I could hardly buy anything I wanted to cook with. We had to learn to eat fish almost entirely. But when they would bring us crabs for 6 and 8 cents apiece, great big beautiful things, alive, they had to bring them alive. Well then, I had to learn to cook them. Under the law they had to be delivered alive, so finally I asked them if they couldn't bring me a lobster. "Oh, but lady, it cost a lot of money." "Well, that's all right," I said, "bring me some. How much are they?" "One shilling," he says. That's only about 25 cents for a great big beautiful lobster. First time my husband came home there was a great big green lobster walking around while I was getting things ready to cook him. We had a big open fireplace, and while I was getting the water ready to boil him (I'd read that's how it had to be done), my husband said, "Why, lobsters are supposed to be red, and you let someone sell you this thing?" "Oh," I said, "wait and see, it will be red." So we watched him and sure enough he turned



red, but they're green when they are alive. We had a lot of fun over there together; I helped my husband with his survey work and his assay work.

Then we came home and he opened an assay office. Then the bank failed and business failed, and everything else went to pot after we came home, just at the wrong time. Everything we tried to do went wrong. Seemingly, we were just ahead of the times or something. Now they're using all sorts of strategic metals, everything under the sun, which was just what we were trying to work into. But, as I say, the bank failed shortly after we got home, business all went by the board. Everything just went wrong.

When she married T.B. Rickey, my husband's mother was a widow with three sons; a tall, very large, beautiful girl of Irish descent. She had great big eyes and lovely complexion, very, very handsome and much younger than he. So he just lavished all the money in the world on her. They lived in the house that the Graves family lives in now.

T.B. Rickey was a cattle man and who had great holdings out at Topaz Lake. Mr. Rickey was one of the early cattle men and was for many years the largest individual cattle raiser in the country. He was responsible for making Topaz Lake. He dammed it up and made an artificial lake of it because his land holdings out there were very, very extensive. He acquired a great lot of territory, and he had very large ranch holdings and raised a great many cattle. He built that up from nothing. In fact, the slang rumor was that he went out there with a branding iron and a steer! Well, at any rate, he was married and had a family. His first wife died, and I think none of his children are alive now.

Mr. Crowell was a twin, and there was an older son. After the marriage the older son went to work for Mr. Rickey out there

and spent many, many years working very successfully on his ranch property and made a lot of money. They came to Carson and bought this nice old home and put the boys in school. The twins were just high school age at that time. Rickey bought an interest in the State Bank and Trust Company. Then as the years went on there was a mining boom in the State, Tonopah and Goldfield came on and he opened branch banks in all those places, invested lost and lost of money and one thing after another and the banks failed. He was accused of stealing the money and was arrested. They went through a lot of court procedure and found that there was no dishonesty attached to anything, it was just misplaced business venture.

He still had these holdings, and the older son, Fred Crowell, was managing the property. Rickey had money in back of it. He had money he had put into the bank, you see, while the men who were stockholders, and who were all good citizens of Carson, had very little money to put into it. He said, "If you will turn your stock over to me and give me five years I will pull this out and pay everybody in full; I can do it because I have the means behind me." He did have all this ranching property, which was rated to be worth about a half-a-million dollars and at that time that was lost of money. Well, anyway they would not listen to that. So he said, "O.K. then, I'll give you my stock and you see what you can do with it." So he put some stock in his wife's name and turned his stock all over to the appointed receiver. He turned over everything, and the best they could do after several years of working was to pay about a third of what people had invested, again, so the loss was pretty heavy all over the State. He went blind, and they lived in Berkeley. He still had plenty of money. He disposed of that property out there eventually, and lived



to be well along in his 80's before he passed away. He was a man who had good business ability. And, as I say, they tell you he started out with a steer and a branding iron and he made millions out of it. So he knew how! But in spite of everything there was a good deal to not brag about him.

He didn't like us so well, and I didn't like him either. He couldn't stand my husband. When he married my husband's mother she was a very, very handsome woman and he was very fond of her. He dressed her beautifully and he gave her anything in the world she wanted. They moved in her (to Carson) and she had servants. She had a daughter by him and that made him very happy. She lived like a queen. She had her horse and carriage, a driver, a man to take her around, They were the first people to have an automobile, but she preferred her coachman and her carriage. They were very prominent.

But she had been poor, so when she had plenty of money she gave it to her boys who went away to school; just all the money they wanted. Well, she ruined both of them by doing that, they just went wild. They were naturally popular, they had more money than anybody else. They just had a real good time and didn't make any effort.

Finally, he got mad and said, "I was a poor man and I earned my money because I went to work for it and I earned it, so they can go to work." And he cut her off right like that and never let her have another dollar in cash. He would pay the bills and let her dress beautifully and live beautifully and have all the servants and everything else, but no more money to give to those boys. My husband's twin finally committed suicide; he couldn't take it. My husband sat around thinking, "Well, the old man will die one day and mother will give me plenty, I don't have to worry about working." But that didn't work

either, so, after I divorced him (I figured that was not the way to live) he married someone else immediately. When the old man died his mother took care of him.

Finally when Mr. Crowell went to work in a drugstore in Portland she gave him money and put him through the school of pharmacy and took care of him, with the understanding that she would help him to see that the children had what they were entitled to.

Mr. Rickey gave the land where the Governor's Mansion is now to the State. They were living there when they opened that street up. It was all surrounded by field there, and he owned that whole big field.

Later he and his wife went to California to live. She didn't want to sell the property; she didn't want to give it up, so she persuaded my husband and me to buy the property and keep it for her. So, we managed to raise \$500 for the down payment. We stayed there a couple of years and nearly froze to death in this great big rambling house. There were seven wood and coal stoves in that house to keep it warm, and we couldn't keep it warm. The kitchen was way off here and the bathroom way off here, and the bedrooms were here in the upstairs. It was very awkwardly arranged. It was cold and we just didn't have the money, so we had to give it up. But old Rickey did give that land to the State. We thought when we moved in there that that ten acres of land could be divided into building lots and sold. That's what we tried to do, exactly what's happened now, but we were still too soon!

When I began working, it was a matter of necessity. I had my children to raise, without any particular financial help. So Mother talked me into coming back here from Berkeley, California, and working up to the necessary income in California, although I was having a rather rough time with my first job as a stenographer. The best job I could

find in San Francisco paid \$65 a month. The mining engineer I went to work for promptly raised me to \$70 because I could spell mining terms, coming from this State. Naturally, that was one thing I did know something about, and I did study metallurgy with my husband. I was interested in it, liked it, and knew enough about it to be rather helpful in a mining engineer's office. Then very shortly he raised it to \$80. But he refused point blank to raise it to \$100 when Mother wired that Mr. Bartine had offered me a job in the Nevada Railroad Commission in Carson City for \$100.

H.P. Bartine had been a representative in Congress. He was a very fine lawyer and a very good friend of all our family. So, I came back to Carson and went to work there, with the idea that with a little practice I could take over the reporting.

I had done some court reporting. I had studied to become a reporter before I married, and then had done a little of that sort of work, so it seemed the smartest thing to do was to make myself competent and be a court reporter. And after working with myself competent and be a court reporter. And after working with the Railroad Commission and reporting two or three of their hearings to prove that I could handle it, I was appointed their reporter. By that time, I thought that I could ask a salary of \$150 a month, because I thought it was worth that. It was comparable to what other reporters were getting. Remember this was fifty or so years ago. There were two women working in the office. One of them was Stella Colcord, daughter of Governor Colcord, who did not take shorthand at all. She did typing and filing and so forth. The other girl was planning to take a leave of absence. But they had been there a long time and I was a newcomer and they couldn't see giving me more money than they gave the others, so they divided that money and gave us each the same

amount. They raised the three of us to \$125 a month. Then in a very few months, about October, the legislative appropriation had run out. They weren't going to have any more money until January, when the Legislature met, and they couldn't pay my salary so I was fired. They informed me that my services were ended because they were short of funds.

I had just finished two days reporting on a water hearing in Reno. Well, you can take a lot of shorthand in two days, and the price for a folio on that work was a real nice sum of money by the time you typed it. They seemed to think I would just go ahead and finish that for nothing, because they didn't have any money. Mr. Simmons, a commissioner, told Mr. John Shaughnessy (by that time Bartine had died so Shaughnessy was the head of it), "You're firing the most valuable clerk you have, and if you call that economy when you're short of money I sure can't understand it." They were hiring the court reporter from the Federal Court and were paying her a lot of money. I had figured the hearings I had taken and the transcripts I had turned in were the equivalent of \$600 worth if they paid her. So Mr. Simmons said to me, "You take that and type nights and Sundays at home and you send in your bill for every word, and they'll have to pay it." He told the rest of them, "Now, you pay Mrs. Crowell. She's not going to do this for nothing, and you pay her for it, period." Well, those girls just looked afraid that there'd be a moth when they would not collect salary. However, it worked out. I've forgotten the amount they did pay me.

Then I went to work for Governor Boyle. When I go over there I found that their salary for assistant clerk, as I was being termed, was only \$100. Well, I said, "Governor Boyle, I can't afford that; I have to have more. I'm raising my children without any financial help, and I can't afford to do it for so little

money.” So he said, “Well, that’s very simple, I’m running for the second term of office, and we’re having so much labor trouble out in Ely and around, I’ll be so busy with other things I’ll not have time to do much campaigning or work. Suppose you work for me and I’ll pay you out of my own pocket for the letters that I will ask you to write on my behalf as a candidate for the second term of Governor,” which he did.

Bertha Cohn was the chief secretarial clerk in Governor Boyle’s office. I worked there three months. I remember one day he had called up an attorney to come to his office and she didn’t know about it. When the man arrived and wanted to see Governor Boyle, she very carefully said, “Well, he happens to be busy; you’d better come back later.” So he went and came back later. Governor Boyle came out and said, “I had a call out for George Sanford. Why in the world hasn’t he come up?” And by, did her face get red! She liked to put on that attitude. Well, when I worked there, when people came to see the Governor and he was in the next room and she’d be putting them off, I’d quietly sneak in and say, “So-and-so’s out there and wants to see you. Do you want to see him?” “I certainly do!” I’d say, “The Governor will see you now.” And oh, would she get mad! She didn’t like me very much. But with all her putting on and trying to be a big boss, she caused him quite a lot of trouble.

He was a marvelous man to work for. His dictation was absolutely perfect; there never had to be a word changed. He walked up and down the floor and the language just flowed as smooth! It was a pleasure to work for him. There was never any correction. He dictated so nicely you knew just exactly the end of a sentence or paragraph; you never had to ask or be told.

One day when he was home from one of these trips he sat down and dictated 150 letters

to me in one day. Of course, I didn’t get the out the next day! He said,” Just mark those dictated but not read and you sign them and send them off.” Well, that was the way I helped him with his campaign, and he paid me. Then he was elected.

I think one of the amazing things was the way he wrote his Governor’s Message to the Legislature, which was quite a lengthy document. He closed up his office at noon the day before (he was to present it the next morning) and moved three or four typewriters and all of us clerks and his deputy up to the Governor’s Mansion. At one o’clock he began to dictate. He’d dictate to each one of us just so long, and by the time he got around to the fourth, the first one had that written, and was ready to take the next round. He never asked to have one word read back to him. He knew what subject he had dictated to me, possibly education. The next was mining or agriculture, or the next was finances or whatever it might be. He knew just where to go on and just where he’d stopped. We worked until midnight. The next morning we went up there early and got the final drafts rewritten, and by ten o’clock he was ready to deliver it to the Legislature. His deputy ran up to the V & T from the Mansion and flagged down the V & T and gave them copies for the newspapers in Reno. So in that many hours we got out a very, very fine, lengthy, complete and total, well-organized thing. That was a nice work. He had a wonderful flow of speech. And that memory! If I was handling a certain thing he knew just what to go on, just what the next paragraph would be, when he would come around again. Then his deputy was there to organize it and get it together, and get it lined up just right. So we all did our share of rewrites first thing in the morning and there it was.

He didn’t have time to campaign, it was just letters, he just campaigned on his

record. A good, honest man; he just sent out hundreds of letters. But everyone like him; he was popular. He was never controversial particularly in any way; he was just a really, honest-to-goodness good man. His family were mining people. He was married to a Carson girl, Vida McClure. She's still living in Reno. He's been dead for many years. They didn't have any children.

I started working for the Supreme Court the first day of February, 1918. That's when I left Governor Emmett Boyle's office. Edward Ducker had defeated Pat McCarran. McCarran was running for a second term as the judge, and Judge Ducker ran against him and defeated him. He spent the month of January just thinking it over and looking around before he hired anyone. I had put in an application. I didn't know him I just filed an application. I did have some friends who helped me out by telling him and friends of the family. He finally hired me, and I stayed with him for twenty-eight years.

Judge Ducker passed away, and they put in a judge, Edgar Eather, from Reno. He'd been raised out in Eureka and had been District Attorney and District Judge out there. He later lived in Reno. They appointed him, and I worked for him twelve years, Then he retired because of ill health. Commuting was just a little too rugged for him and he quit. Then they appointed Frank McNamee, who had been judge down in Las Vegas.

When he came up he wanted me to continue permanently with him. I told him, "I'm 78 years old, and I've worked this court practically forty years and I think it's time I quit and you get somebody else." "Oh," he said, "but I just can't get along without you. I'm a greenhorn up here. I've never been in this court before. I need your experience, can't you manage to stay?" His twin sister came up when he was sworn into office, and she said, "Now

don't you leave him, he needs you." Well, I said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I just can't work any longer; I've worked long enough." So, I stayed for six weeks with him. I stayed until he found another girl and I broke her in to the work and helped her out. That brought it up to the first day of February in 1958, which made it just exactly forty years to the day, that I worked for the Court.

Judge McNamee was one of those dynamic sort of persons that was just nervous and restless enough that when they gave him an opinion to do he felt that he just had to do it right away, and just as fast as he could do it. He might dictate an opinion to me Friday and say, "Well, let's file this Monday morning." Which meant that I came down Saturday and Sunday. He worked me nearly to death! Last Christmas time they had a little Christmas party in the clerk's office, as they have had for a long time, a day or two before Christmas, and they always asked me to come down. So I was a little late getting there and he thought I was not going to come. He was quite disturbed, and kept saying, "Where's Lucy, where's Lucy? Why doesn't she come?" So I showed up, and he introduced me to some of the new members in the law clerks' office, and said, "I want you to meet her, she was my first secretary when I came here, and I want you to know this: I did not fire her, she fired me!" I said, "Well, he worked me nearly to death, and I couldn't take it, and of course I quit!" So we had a good laugh. But anyhow, he did work me awfully awfully hard. The little girl that we took in, I learned later had never done any legal work, and she thought she could apply for that job. It was one of those things, but she went home in tears every single night for a week, and finally decided she just couldn't do it. I'd go down and kind of calm her along, and help her out a little bit and show her the system of filing and so forth. Well, she's still

with him and very happy after she learned his way of doing. I'm happy to be retired after doing all that.

I could tell you just one story that would be interesting to the public. That was the opinion giving Mary Pickford a divorce when she'd been in Nevada three weeks, when the law required she lie here one year to acquire citizenship. The principal there was her husband, Mr. Moore I think his name was. If he were found in the county, and served on papers in the State, she could go ahead and get her divorce without waiting if they were both in the same county at the time.

She took up residence at a ranch, which was owned by some people by the name Campbell, out Genoa way. She'd only been there three weeks when Mr. Moore came up from California and circulated around Gardnerville. The sheriff spotted him and served him with the papers. They went into court promptly and granted her the divorce.

Well, the man who was the Attorney General at that time decided that that was against the law; it was not legal. On behalf of the people he filed a claim in the Supreme court for a decision, that that was a fraudulent divorce granted. Well, it happened that my justice, Justice Edward A. Ducker, was the one who received that after a long, lengthy court hearing. Of course the newspapers were very, very interested all over because she was very prominent at that time. She was just at the height of her glory as an actress. So everybody was very interested and it was a very controversial point and had never come up in the courts before. So Judge Ducker was given it.

When he started me to work on it I was not to ever leave a paper, or anything in connection with it, on my desk where anyone in the world could see it. Nobody was to know that I had anything to do with it, or that he

did. I was just a deep, dark secret. He wrote his opinions in longhand, in a long yellow tablet; he didn't dictate to me. So he'd give me just a sheet or two at a time and I'd copy that and get it out of the way quick so nobody would guess what I was doing. Well, that went on for about six weeks, he did things rather slowly and methodically. But anyway, he kept I going and before it was entirely finished it was quite a lengthy opinion. He came in on day and said, "We'll file this Pickford opinion about quarter of four this afternoon." So it had all been written and was corrected and ready. So at a quarter of four he handed me the opinion and said, "Take this and file it." And at about the same moment Mr. Clyde, who was editing *the Carson City News*, came into the office and he handed him his copy (He had told me to make the extra copies). Then they walked into his office.

I went across the hall, and the clerk of the Supreme Court had decided to go home early and his door was locked and I couldn't file it. So I hurried back and said, "Mr. Kennett (William Kennett) is not there. The place is locked and there's nobody there." Judge Ducker just nearly went through the roof. "Well bet him on the phone! Tell him to comedown here immediately. He had no business going home before four o'clock!" (At that time the hours of the Supreme Court were from ten o'clock til four o'clock, the court offices worked from ten to four. That was very good for me, because I could take care of my household duties and the children, and it gave me extra time).

So, anyhow, I got Mr. Kennett on the phone at home. He was madder than a hatter. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to file that? For goodness sake, why didn't you tell me?" Well, I said, "I was not supposed to tell you. Judge Ducker wants you to come back and file that right now." "I will not come back,



there's no sense in doing that. I've gone home and I want to stay home." So I went in and told the Judge, "He refuses to come back." There was another consternation and he said, "Well, put him on the line, I'll tell him." Well, he told him off in no uncertain terms and he came back. In the meantime, here was Mr. Clyde with a copy. I insisted always that he locked Mr. Clyde in his office for fear he would get it to the telegraph office before it had been officially filed.

Mr. Kennett, who was the clerk of the Court, walked with two crutches, he was very lame. I don't know whether it was a birth defect or polio, but all his life he'd walked with two crutches. So, we heard him coming up the stairs; then they just watched me while I took it over. He unlocked the door, still just blustering and mad as a hatter. I gave it to him to file, and then rushed back.

And then Mr. Clyde was permitted to go and file his opinion with Western Union. He did things a methodical way. He had written four different telegrams, any one of which might have been what the decision was going to be, and as soon as it was confirmed he ran down the back stairs and out as fast as he could run to the telegraph office. There was only one person ever on duty at the telegraph office in those days. When he got there Mr. Kennett had the man all tied up by telephone and was giving it to him. So Mr. Clyde never got here first after all. I think Mr. Clyde was with the Associated Press, and Mr. Kennett was surreptitiously reporting for the United Press, whichever it was. Anyway, Mr. Clyde had come to the Court and talked to each one of the three judges and said, "We find that Mr. Kennett is sending any opinion that's worth a news item before the rest of us get it, so our report is worthless." That upset the judges, and they decided he had no business using his office that way, so they agreed that when the

Pickford opinion was filed they would notify Mr. Clyde immediately and give him the first chance. They didn't think the other was exactly the honest thing to do. Mr. Kennett's secretary was the sister of Furi Raffetto, an attorney in Reno, and she was slipping *him* news and he was getting it out. So she was good and mad, and she blew up, "Why in the world didn't you tell me you were going to file that?" Well, I had good reasons; I would've lost my job if I would've even hinted such a thing. So it was altogether quite a funny deal, and Mr. Clyde and I were real good friends. I used to go to a dance with him once in a while, and he used to like to come up to the house and play cards.

Later on the Legislature cut down the required residence from on year six months, then later cut it to three. There were very few divorces here, so few that they did not hire a court reporter to take care of them. During those years while I was working they would telephone over to Judge Ducker and say, "Please could we borrow Mrs. Crowell for a divorce hearing in the District Court?" And it didn't take altogether fifteen or twenty minutes to walk over there and hear an uncontested case and back again, and they paid me \$10 for that appearance. Then I wrote the transcript for filing at home, not on my office time. That generally ran about \$2.50 more, for that little hearing. But there might be three or four months before there were any more at all, because the year's residence frightened people away.

I remember one case that I reported that they heard out in Minden that ran for a full six days. They didn't finish that until midnight on Saturday night. That was a doctor whose wife came and appeared and fought it out against him, one of those very bitter sort of things. The lawyer took me back and forth to court, and my per diem was \$70, at \$10

a day, plus \$20 for the night session. I wrote the transcript, but they did not appeal it so they never had to use it. But I wrote that darn thing up without getting any pay for it, as I would have been if it had been another type of thing. That was one of the long things. There was another one in Carson here that was on a water rights deal with the people of this county fighting over the old water rights. It ran about five days.

So, I was earning extra money doing that, and doing most all that typing at night. It helped me pay for this house. My children not only would have the supper going as far as they knew how to cook, they would also run to the neighbors and ask how to do one thing or the other. Then I would get up from the dinner table and come in to my typewriter. They would carry the dishes away and wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen, which was quite a help.

There were a great number of other interesting and exciting cases beside the Pickford case, but that was the one the public at large was very much interested in. Mr. Clyde told me that his agency, the AP or the UP, had written him and said that they would authorize him to pay whatever the stenographer might ask to give advance information on that if he chose to offer a bribe. He was very indignant. He wrote right back and said, "There's no stenographer working for the Nevada Supreme Court that would accept a bribe for anything. We'll have to take it as it comes." He didn't tell me that 'til after it was all over. There were other cases that were pretty controversial, and a good many murder trials, but the Pickford case was the only one I think is worth reporting.

When I was with the Court, I did a little lobbying to get my salary raised. After working for the Sate for ten years at \$125 a month, I thought it was time there was a raise

to \$150 a month. All of the stenographers, and secretaries an bookkeepers, and janitors were getting \$125 a month, and no more. So I inquired of my friend, Ira Winters, the father of John D. Winters. Ira Winters was the State Senator here for three or four terms. I talked to him about it and he said, "Well, it doesn't do any good to suggest it. They merely say that if the salary is increased to \$150 a month the young girls just getting out of school think they're worth that, and they're not worth it. They don't want to have to pay everybody that, so they won't do it, won't do anything about it." So I said, "Well, couldn't you work it out on a sliding scale." I finally wrote a rough draft, with admittance at a salary of \$125, and after two years an advance to \$140 and at the end of four years \$150. Well, that pleased him and he said, "Well, no that makes sense. But you and I are pretty nearly the only Democrats around, and this year the State has gone Republican. (That was when Governor Balzar was elected.) Most of the legislators are Republican, and they wouldn't let me get to first base with a thing like that. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll take it up with Senator Johnny Miller from Hawthorne." Miller had been the Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, and very prominent. He'd been there for a long time, year after year. Senator Winters gave it to him, and he said, "Why, that's a smart idea, sure, I'll put my name on that, and we'll put her through!" So Miller handed it to the clerk of the Senate and said to file that as a bill. And it came back from the printing office without even the enabling clause, just my rough draft! The clerk he handed it to didn't have brains enough, whoever it was. I'm not accusing anybody, 'cause I don't know who did it. We sent it over there and the printer accepted it and printed it without the enabling clause or anything. I nearly fainted when they came to my desk early in the morning! So I hunted

up Mr. Winters, and I hunted up Mr. Miller, and said, "You've just got to have this thing corrected. That's nothing, that's just a rough note." So they withdraw all that and had it reprinted.

It came up finally, for a final passage the last night. In those days the Legislature closed a session at the end of sixty days, period. If they ran all night and up to noon the next day, they turned the clock back but they did not work any other overtime. This was maybe the second night before they were closing and they got the bill through. It passed both houses. There'd been a good deal of opposition. One or two departments like Molly Malone in the State Engineer's Office said, "If you put that through, I'll kill it, 'cause I'll pay my people what I want to pay them. Don't have to ask the Legislature to appropriate.....," and so forth. And there was a good deal of discord and things that had to be amended and changed to get it in an acceptable condition. Of course, the people that were to be benefited immediately were just a few of us Democrats that were left here. The Republicans were going to be mad because they weren't in. The *Gazette*, the Reno paper, had quite a yarn when it came out. They said, "Well, isn't this a smart Legislature. It's helped the Democrats over there, they're all getting \$150 a month, while the Republicans are only getting \$125." Well, that's the way it read, and that's the way we got it through. The judges knew I was doing that, and they were perfectly willing that I should.

I stayed on that evening to see what was going to happen next. Mr. Noble Getchell, who was one of the head men in the Senate, one of the head Republicans, wanted the non-partisan feature of the election law regarding the Supreme Judges deleted so that the Republicans would have a chance to elect

a Supreme judge once in a while. There had been the three Democrats, Judges Sanders, Ducker, and Colman, each for six-year terms, and each elected the coming year with no opposition for as long as they lived. Each one of them died in office because they were just elected that way. The judges had heard that there was to be an amendment slipped in there to eliminate that and they had told me and they told my brother, Hal Mighels, who was running *The Appeal* and reporting legislative actions, to watch out for it and let them know.

So, sure enough, they brought that in late, along towards a six o'clock, there were only a few there, and the amendment, a very simple amendment, "in section such and such and such, eliminate the word 'non-partisan.'" And there was all there was to it. Lots of them said, "Yeh, vote for it, not even knowing what it was. So the vote had almost carried when my brother Hal said to the man sitting next to him, "Change your vote, quick, that's what this mean." So he changed it and it didn't quite go through.

Well, then they had a caucus meeting and finally decided they just couldn't quite control enough votes, and they were pretty mad about it. So what did Mr. Getchell do but go back about 11 o'clock at night and have a bill put in to fire the Supreme Court stenographer who was lobbying. Well, that was me! When that came to a vote that was a tie vote. My brother Hal punched this man and said, "For God's sake, change that! She's my sister and she's a widow with two kids to raise and you can't fire her! I can't stand for that!" So he changed it and saved my job for me.

When my brother had finished that, he came in and hunted me up and said, "For gosh sake, go home. You're in trouble enough. They just tried to fire you. You got your bill through, now get out of here and go home!"



Mr. Getchell was very, very angry with my brother, and declared a recess. He was going to beat him up for interfering with his work, and told him, "We didn't intend to fire her, we just wanted to use that as a big stick. Maybe we could trade a vote or two with her friends and get through that other amendment that we wanted. We want these Supreme Judges to be partisan." "Well," Hal said, "you can't do that you can't fire my sister." So it was all off.

So, I went in and told the two judges, Coleman and Ducker, who were locked up in Ducker's room and kept giving me notes and messages, that I'd been lobbying all over the place against that amendment when it came up. Going to this man and that and taking orders from them until they didn't want me anymore. So I went in and told them that the Republicans had given me personal credit for having saved their bill for them to the extent of trying to fire me, and they laughed their heads off. They wouldn't have been sorry if I had been fired. If I had been fired, they wouldn't have said they were sorry at all, they would have gotten what they wanted. They were two men with that selfish attitude, and I shouldn't say that for public posterity, but anybody that knew them both knew it. The night that I finished getting this salary bill through I almost got fired for helping the judges save *their* necks.

The lady who lived in Judge Coleman's apartment house was just sitting there looking on and she asked me if I'd walk home with her. She was afraid to walk home alone, we had no transportation. It had snowed about six inches deep while we were there. It had snowed from about six o'clock to nearly midnight. Well, as I say, we had no transportation, there were not taxis running, and none of us had an automobile. So we just sort of plowed through out in the middle of the street where somebody had driven an auto and that was a

half-way clear spot. When I got up to my gate, she said, "Well, I'm just afraid to walk home alone, won't you please walk with me?" So good-natured ol' Lucy walked up there with her, then I walked back home alone, that was all right. Between the excitement, and the cold, and the snow being so deep and over my rubbers I had on, I caught a terrific cold and I was in bed most of the next week. That's how I paid for being in politics a little bit, so I quit. That was my last appearance.

There was a vacancy as a court reporter in the Supreme Court, and I applied for the job, and Judge Coleman wouldn't let me have it. He wouldn't have any woman stenographer working in his office because the clerk, the reporter, acted as his secretary. They'd had a man. He'd lost his mind and spent the rest of his life in the institution. I thought that's my chance because they paid so much better money. I was doing the pinch-hitting anytime the reporter was sick, or away, or busy or doing the reporting for something else. I was always the one who would go in and take over.

It had occurred to me that the State was about the only organization that had no retirement for their employees; the Government did, the railroads, and the teachers, and so on. I talked to the people in the Attorney General's office, and to some of the State employees, some of the men who had worked for a long time. We made up our minds that we could pass a bill. It would provide for retirement, as it is known now. The judge gave me permission to do that. So Mr. Mathews, in the Attorney General's office, had agreed to draw the bill and take care of all the legal side of it, and so forth. Judge Ducker came in one morning and said, "If you continue with that I will fire you." He was very, very angry, so I had to drop it.

He was angry because while the court men were entitled to retirement, they had

never paid in a cent toward it. That was just a gift. The plan that we were working on was that *all* State and county employees would be entitled to retirement and would pay in a percentage of their salary to build up the fund to take care of paying it for the future, with a matching amount from the State, you see. So I had to give it up, and that was ver near the end of the session, so they dropped the whole thing them. The next year was sort of a depression year, the next legislative year, when they just apparently couldn't get anything through. They talked to me then, but I said, "Well, I won't take an active part in anything anymore, I can't afford to." So they said, "Well, we'll get it through eventually but this isn't the year." So the next two years, they did pt it through. And now it's one of the big businesses of the State. But I didn't get a bit more money for having worked there forty years than I would if I had twenty, except that my salary had finally increased enough so that I get a nice retirement check and every year they give me a couple of dollars more. I don't fell that I'm living on charity, they took 5% out of my salary for twenty years every month, and I did feel that I had sort of set the ball rolling. But I did not take any active part when the thing came out. I was very glad to have suggested it, and they all had I in mind and were ready to go to work on it when the right time came and put it through. So I decided after that I wold take no more part in politics, period. I'd had enough of it.

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